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CONSISTING OF

Extracts from the Following Works:

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY;

THOUSAND LINES;

TWINS;

HACTENUS;

AN AUTHOR'S MIND;

GERALDINE, AND OTHER POEMS;

HEART;

CROCK OF GOLD; AND

PROBABILITIES, AN AID TO FAITH.

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GEMS FROM TUPPER.

ABODE OF HAPPINESS.

I SOUGHT the dwelling-place of Joy :
I I met it not in laughter; I found it not in wealth or power;
I saw it in the pleasant home, where religion smiled upon content,
the satisfied ambition of the heart rejoiced in the favor of its God.
old the happy man, his face is rayed with pleasure,
thoughts are of calm delight, and none can know his blessedness :
ve watched him from his infancy, and seen him in the grasp of death,
never have I noted on his brow the cloud of desponding sorrow.
hath knelt beside his cradle; his mother's hymn lulled him to sleep :
hildhood he hath loved holiness, and drank from that fountain-head of peace.
dom took him for her scholar, guiding his steps in purity;

He lived unpolluted by the world; and his young heart hated sin.
But he owned not the spurious religion engendered of faction and moroseness,
Neither were the sproutings of his soul seared by the brand of superstition.
His love is pure and single, sincere, and knoweth not change:
For his manhood hath been blest with the pleasant choice of his youth:
Behold his one beloved, she leaneth on his arm,
And he looketh on the years that are past, to review the dawn of her affection.
Memory is sweet unto him as a perfect landscape to the sight;
Each object is lovely in itself, but the whole is the harmony of nature.
Behold his little ones around him, they bask in the sunshine of his smile;
And infant innocence and joy lighten their happy faces;
He is holy, and they honor him: he is loving, and they love him:
He is consistent, and they esteem him; he is firm, and they fear him.
His friends are the excellent among men; and the bands of their friendship are strong;
His house is the palace of peace; for the Prince of Peace is there.
As the wearied man to his couch, as the thoughtful man to his musings,
Even so, from the bustle of life, he goeth to his well-ordered home.
And though he often sin, he returneth with weeping eyes;
For he feeleth the mercies of forgiveness, and gloweth with warm gratitude.

Prov. Phil. i. Jo

ABODE OF SORROW.

I SAID, I will seek out Sorrow, and minister the balm of pity:
So I sought her in the house of mourning: but peace followed in her train,
Then I marked her brooding silently in the gloomy cavern of Regret;
But a sunbeam of heavenly hope gleamed on her folded wing.
So I turned to the cabin of the poor, where famine dwelt with disease;
But the bed of the sick was smoothed, and the ploughman whistled at his labor.
So I stopped, and mused within myself, to remember where sorrow dwelt,
For I sought to see her alone, uncomforted, uncompanioned.
I went to the prison, but penitence was there, and promise of better times;
I listened at the madman's cell, but it echoed with deluded laughter.
Then I turned to the rich and noble; I noted the sons of fashion:
A smile was on the languid cheek, that had no commerce with the heart;
Unhallowed thoughts, like fires, gleamed from the window of the eye,
And Sorrow lived with those whose pleasures add unto their sins.

Prov. Phil. i. *Sorrow.*

ABSOLUTE UNITY OF SENTIMENT IMPOSSIBLE.

THERE is no similitude in nature that owneth not also to a difference,
Yea, no two berries are alike, though twins upon one stem;
No drop in the ocean, no pebble on the beach, no leaf in the forest, hath its counterpart,
No mind in its dwelling of mortality, no spirit in the world unseen:
And therefore, since capacity and essence differ alike with accident,
None but a bigot partisan will hope for impossible unity.

Prov. Phil. i. *Toleranes.*

ADAM GIVING NAMES.

ADAM gave the name, when the Lord had made his creature,
For God led them in review, to see what man would call them:
As they struck his senses, he proclaimed their sounds,
A name for the distinguishing of each, a numeral by which it should be known:
He specified the partridge by her cry, and the forest prowler by his roaring,
The tree by its use, and the flower by its beauty, and every thing according to its truth.

Prov. Phil. ii. *Names.*

ADAPTATION.

To every thing a fitting place, a proper honorable use ;
The humblest measure of mind is bright in its humble sphere :
The glowworm, creeping in the hedge, lighteth her evening torch,
And her far-off mate, on gossamer sail, steereth his course by that star :
But ignorance mocketh at proprieties, bringing out the glow-worm at noon,
And setteth the faults of mediocrity in the full blaze of wisdom.
Ravens croaking in darkness, and a skylark trilling to the sun,
The voice of a screech-owl from a ruin, and the black-bird's whistle in a wood,
A cushion-footed camel for the sands, and a swift reindeer for the snows,
A naked skin for Ethiopia, and rich soft furs for the Pole :
In all things is there a fitness : discord with discord hath its music ;
And the harmony of nature is preserved by each one knowing his place.

Prov. Phil. i. *Self-Acquaintance.*

AGUR'S PRAYER.

Give me enough, saith Wisdom ; — for he feareth to ask for more ;
And that by the sweat of my brow, addeth stout-hearted Independence :
Give me enough, and not less, for want is leagued with the tempter :
Poverty shall make a man desperate, and hurry him ruthless into crime ;

Give me enough, and not more, saving for the children of distress;
Wealth oftimes killeth, where want but hindereth the budding:
There is green glad summer near the pole, though brief and after long winter,
But the burnt breasts of the torrid zone yield never kindly nourishment.

Prov. Phil. i. *Wealth.*

AMERICA.

COLUMBIA, child of Britain — noblest child!
I praise the glowing lustre of thy worth,
And fain would see thy great heart reconciled
To love the mother of so blest a birth:
For we are one, Columbia! still the same
In lineage, language, laws, and ancient fame,
The natural nobility of Earth;
Yes, we are one; the glorious days of yore,
When dear old England earned her storied name,
Are thine, as well as ours, forevermore:
And thou hast rights in Milton, e'en as we, —
Thou too canst claim "sweet Shakspeare's wood-notes wild,"
And chiefest, brother, we are both made free,
Of one Religion, pure and undefiled!

I blame thee not, as other some have blamed, —
The high-born heir hath grown to man's estate;
I mock thee not, as some who would be shamed,
Nor ferret out thy faults with envious hate;
Far otherwise, be generous love inflamed, —
Patriot, I praise thy country's foreign son,

Rejoicing in the blaze of good and great
  That diadems thy head; — go on, go on!
Young Hercules, thus travelling in might,
Boy-Plato, filling all the West with light,
  Thou new Themistocles of enterprise,
Go on and prosper — Acolyte of Fate!
  And precious child, dear Ephraim — turn those eyes —
For thee thy mother's yearning heart doth wait.

A HOUSE UNDISCIPLINED.

Alas! for a thousand fathers, whose indulgent sloth
Hath emptied the vial of confusion over a thousand homes:
Alas! for the palaces and hovels, that might have been nurseries for heaven,
By hot intestine broils blighted into schools for hell:
None knoweth his place, yet all refuse to serve,
None weareth the crown, yet all usurp the sceptre:
And perchance some fiercer spirit, of natural nobility of mind,
That needed but the kindness of constraint to have grown up great and good,
Now, — the rich harvest of his heart choked by unweeded tares, —
All bold to dare and do, unchecked by wholesome fear,
A scoffer about bigotry and priestcraft, a rebel against government and God,
And standard-bearer of the turbulent, leading on the sons of Belial,
Such an one is king of that small state, head tyrant of the thirty,
Brandishing the torch of discord in his village home:
And the timid Eli of the house, yon humble parish-priest,
Liveth in shame and sorrow, fearing his own handy-work;

The mother, heart-stricken years agone, hath dropped into
an early grave;
The silent sisters long to leave a home they cannot love;
The brothers, casting off restraint, follow their wayward wills;
And the chance guest, early departing, blesseth his kind stars,
That on his humbler home hath brooded no domestic curse.
Yet is that curse the fruit; wouldest thou the root of the evil?
A kindness — most unkind, that hath always spared the rod;
A weak and numbing indecision in the mind that should be
master;
A foolish love, pregnant of hate, that never frowned on sin;
A moral cowardice of heart, that never dared command.

Prov. Phil. i. *Subjection.*

ANGELS SYMPATHIZING IN HUMAN JOYS.

Who can record it all? Who can even sketch aright the heavenly hues that shone about that scene of the affections? Alas! my pen is powerless, — yea, no mortal hand can trace those heavenly hues. Angels, that are round the penitent's, the good man's bed, — ye alone who witness it, can utter what ye see: ye alone, rejoicingly with those rejoicing, gladly speed aloft, frequent ambassadors to Him the Lord of Love, with some new beauteous trait, some rare ecstatic thought, some pure delighted look, some more burning prayer, some gem of heaven's jewellery more brilliant than the rest, which raises happy envy of your bright compeers. I see your shining bands crowding enamored round that scene of human tenderness; while now and then some Peri-like seraph of your thronging spiritual forms will gladly wing away to find favor of his God for a tear, or a prayer, or a holy thought dropped by his ministering hands into the treasury of heaven.

Heart.

ANTICIPATED EVIL.

THOU hast seen many sorrows, travel-stained pilgrim of the world,
But that which hath vexed thee most, hath been the looking for evil;
And though calamities have crossed thee, and misery been heaped on thy head,
Yet ills that never happened, have chiefly made thee wretched.

Prov. Phil. i. *Anticipation.*

APPEARANCES (OF CHARACTER) DECEITFUL.

SOMETIMES at a glance thou judgest well; years could add little to thy knowledge:
When charity gloweth on the cheek, or malice is lowering in the eye,
When honesty's open brow, or the weasel-face of cunning is before thee,
Or the loose lip of wantonness, or clear bright forehead of reflection.
But often, by shrewd scrutiny, thou judgest to the good man's harm:
For it may be his hour of trial, or he slumbereth at his post,
Or he hath slain his foe, but not yet levelled the stronghold,
Or barely recovered of the wounds, that fleshed him in his fray with passion.
Also, of the worst, through prejudice, thou loosely shalt think well:
For none is altogether evil, and thou mayst catch him at his prayers:
There may be one small prize, though all beside be blanks;
A silver thread of goodness in the black serge-cloth of crime.

Prov. Phil. i. *Estimating Character.*

APPEARANCES (OF HAPPINESS) DECEITFUL.

MEN, scanning the surface, count the wicked happy,
Nor heed the compensating peace, which gladdeneth the good in his afflictions.
They see not the frightful dreams that crowd a bad man's pillow,
Like wreathed adders crawling round his midnight conscience;
They hear not the terrible suggestions, that knock at the portal of his will,
Provoking to wipe away from life the one weak witness of the deed;
They know not the torturing suspicions that sting his panting breast,
When the clear eye of penetration quietly readeth off the truth.
Likewise of the good what know they? the memories bringing pleasure,
Shrined in the heart of the benevolent, and glistening from his eye;
The calm self-justifying reason that establisheth the upright in his purpose;
The warm and gushing bliss that floodeth all the thoughts of the religious.
Many a beggar at the cross-way, or gray-haired shepherd on the plain,
Hath more of the end of all wealth, than hundreds who multiply the means.

Prov. Phil. i. *Compensation.*

AUTHORS.

A NOBLE band, the welfare of the world,
Whose haunt is on the lips of men, whose dwelling in their hearts,
Who are precious in the retrospect of Memory, and walk among the visions of Hope,
Who commune with the good for everlasting, and call the wisest, brother,
Whose voice hath burst the Silence, and whose light is flung upon the Darkness,
— Flashing jewels on a robe of black, and harmony bounding out of chaos, —
Who gladden empires with their wisdom, and bless to the farthest generation,
Doers of illimitable good, gainers of inestimable glory!

* * * * * *

The mental Cræsus goeth forth, rejoicing in his wealth;
Keen and clear perception gloweth on his forehead like a sunbeam,
He readeth men at a glance, and mists roll away before him;
The wise have set him as their captain, the foolish are rebuked at his presence,
The excellent bless him with their prayers, and the wicked praise him by their curses;
His voice, mighty in operation, stirreth up the world as a trumpet,
And kings account it honor to be numbered of his friends.

Prov. Phil. ii. *Authorship.*

AUTHOR TO HIS READERS.

Come again, and greet me as a friend, fellow-pilgrim upon life's highway,
Leave awhile the hot and dusty road, to loiter in the greenwood of Reflection.
Come, unto my cool dim grotto, that is watered by the rivulet of truth,
And over whose time-stained rock climb the fairy flowers of content;
Here, upon this mossy bank of leisure fling thy load of cares,
Taste my simple store, and rest one soothing hour.

* * * * * *

The precious staple of my merchandise cometh from a better country,
The harvest of my reaping sprang of foreign seed:
And this poor pensioner of Mercy — should he boast of merit?
The grafted stock, — should that be proud of apples not its own?
Into the bubbling brook I dip my hermit shell;
Man receiveth as a cup, but Wisdom is the river.

Prov. Phil. ii. *Introduction.*

BABE.

A babe in a house is a well-spring of pleasure, a messenger of peace and love;
A resting place for innocence on earth; a link between angels and men.

Prov. Phil. i. *Education.*

BAG OF GOLD.

LOLLING at high noon, on a Wednesday too, in the extremest mode of rustic beauism, with a bag of gold by his side and a pot of porter in his hand, — here was an accumulation of magnificence, — all the prepositions pressed into his service. His wildest hopes exceeded, and almost nothing left to wish. Blown up with the pride and importance of the moment, and some little oblivious from the potent porter, — he had paid, and sallied forth, and marched a mile upon his way, full of golden fancies, a rich luxurious lord as he was, — when all on a sudden the hallucination crossed his dull pellucid mind, that he had left the store behind him! O pungent terror! O most exquisite torture! was it clean gone, stolen, lost, lost, lost forever? Rushing back in an agony of fear, that made the ruddy hostess think him crazed, with his hair on end and a face as if it had been whitewashed, he flew to the tap-room, and —— almost fainted for ecstasy of joy when he found it, where he had laid it, on the settle!

Better had you lost it, Roger; better had your ecstasy been sorrow; there is more trouble yet for you, from that bad crock of gold.

Crock of Gold

BALANCE OF JUSTICE.

As the water from a fountain riseth and sinketh to its level,
Ceaselessly toileth justice to equalize the lots of men:

Prov. Phil. i. *Compensation.*

BALM FOR A BROKEN HEART.

WITHOUT cant, affectation, or hypocrisy, there is but one panacea for the bruised or broken heart, available alike in all times, all places, and all circumstances: and he who knows not what that is, has more to learn than I can teach him. That pure substantial comfort is born of Heaven's hope, and faith in Heaven's wisdom; it is a solid confidence in God's great love, but faintly shadowed forth by all the charities of earth. Human affections in their manifold varieties are little other than an echo of that voice, "Come unto me; comfort ye, comfort ye; I will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters; thy Maker is thy Husband; He hath loved thee with an everlasting love; when thou goest through the fire, I will be with thee, through the waters, they shall not overflow thee; eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the mind of man to conceive the blessings which His love hath laid in store for *thee*.

Heart.

BEAUTY.

FOR beauty hideth everywhere, that Reason's child may seek her,
And having found the gem of price, may set it in God's crown.
Beauty nestleth in the rosebud, or walketh the firmament with planets,
She is heard in the beetle's evening hymn, and shouteth in the matins of the sun;
The cheek of the peach is glowing with her smile, her splendor blazeth in the lightning,

She is the dryad of the woods, the naiad of the streams;
Her golden hair hath tapestried the silkworm's silent chamber,
And to her measured harmonies the wild waves beat in time:
With tinkling feet at eventide she danceth in the meadow,
Or, like a Titan, lieth stretched athwart the ridgy Alps;
She is rising, in her veil of mist, a Venus from the waters:
Men gaze upon the loveliness, — and lo, it is beautiful exceedingly;
She, with the might of a Briareus, is dragging down the clouds upon the mountain, —
Men look upon the grandeur, — and lo, it is excellent in glory.

Prov. Phil. ii. *Beauty.*

BEAUTY IN NATURE.

There is beauty in the rolling clouds, and placid shingle beach;
In feathery snows, and whistling winds, and dun electric skies:
There is beauty in the rounded woods, dank with heavy foliage,
In laughing fields, and dinted hills, the valley and its lake;
There is beauty in the gullies, beauty on the cliffs, beauty in sun and shade,
In rocks and rivers, seas and plains, — the earth is drowned in beauty.
Beauty colleth with the watersnake, and is cradled in the shrewmouse's nest,
She flitteth out with evening bats, and the soft mole hid her in his tunnel;
The limpet is encamped upon the shore, and beauty not a stranger to his tent:

The silvery dace and golden carp thread the rushes with her:
She saileth into clouds with an eagle, she fluttereth into tulips with a humming-bird;
The pasturing kine are of her company, and she prowleth with the leopard in his jungle.

Prov. Phil. ii. *Beauty.*

BEGINNINGS OF FAME.

The village stream swelled to a river, and the river was a kingdom's wealth,
Where is he who boasted he could step across that stream?
Such are the beginnings of the famous; little in the judgment of their peers,
The juster verdict of posterity shall fix them in the orbits of the great.

* * * * * *

For, as the shadow of a mountain lengtheneth before the setting sun,
Until that screening Alp have darkened all the canton,—
So Fame groweth to its great ones; their images loom larger in departing;
But the shadow of mind is light, and earth is filled with its glory.

Prov. Phil. ii. *Fame.*

BENEFIT OF FLATTERY.

Oftimes to the sluggard and the dull, flattery hath done good service,
Quickening the mind to emulation, and encouraging the heart that failed.

Even so, a stimulating poison, wisely tendered by the leech,
Shall speed the pulse, and rally life, and cheat astonished death.

Prov. Phil. ii. *Flattery.*

BIGOTRY AND CANDOR.

Dogged obstinacy is oftentimes the buttress that proppeth an unstable spirit,
But a candid man blusheth not to own he is wiser to-day than yesterday.

Prov. Phil. f. *Tolerance.*

BIRTH OF A CHILD.

Lo, Thou hast crowned me with another blessing,
Into my lot hast dropt one mercy more;—
All good, all kind, all wise in Thee possessing,
My cup, O bounteous Giver, runneth o'er,
And still thy princely hand doth without ceasing pour:
For the sweet fruit of undecaying love
Clusters in beauty round my cottage door,
And this new little one, like Noah's dove,
Comes to mine ark with peace, and plenty for my store.
O happy home! O bright and cheerful hearth!
Look round with me, my lover, friend, and wife,
On these fair faces we have lit with life,
And in the perfect blessing of their birth,
Help me to live our thanks for so much heaven on earth.

Geraldine, &c.

BITTERNESS OF NEGLECT.

It is a theme for tears to feel the soft heart hardening,
The frozen breath of apathy sealing up the fountain of affection;
It is a pang keen only to the best, to be injured well-deserving,
And slumbering Neglect is injury,—could ye not watch one hour?
When God himself complained, it was that none regarded,
And indifference bowed to the rebuke, Thou gavest Me no kiss when I came in.

Prov. Phil. ii. *Neglect.*

BLESSING OF REVERSES.

There was in Tyre a merchant, the favorite child of fortune,
An opulent man with many ships, to trade in many climes;
And he rose up early to his merchandise, after feverish dreaming,
And lay down late to his hot unrest, overwhelmed with calculated cares.
So, day by day, and month by month, and year by year, he gained;
And grew gray, and waxed great; for money brought him all things.
All things?—verily not all; the kernel of the nut is lacking:
His mind was a stranger to content, and as for Peace, he knew her not:
Luxuries palled upon his palate, and his eyes were satiate with purple;
He could coin much gold, but buy no happiness with it.

And on a day, a day of dread, in the heat of inordinate ambition,
When he threw with a gambler's hand, to lose or to double his possessions,
The chance hit him,—he had speculated ill,—and men began to whisper;—
Those he trusted failed; and their usuries had bribed him deeply:
One ship foundered out to sea,—and another met the pirate,
And so, with broken fortunes, men discreetly shunned him.
He was a stricken stag, and went to hide away in solitude,
And there in humility, he thought,—he resolved, and promptly acted:
From the wreck of all his splendors, from the dregs of the goblet of affluence,
He saved with management a morsel and a drop, for his daily cup and platter:
And lo, that little was enough, and in enough was competence;
His cares were gone,—he slept by night, and lived at peace by day:
Cured of his guilty selfishness,—money's love, envy, competition,—
He lived to be thankful in a cottage that he had lost a palace:
For he found in his abasement, what he vainly had sought in high estate,
Both mind and body well at ease, though robed in the russet of the lowly.

Prov. Phil. ii. *Contentment.*

BLESSINGS OF WRITING.

O PRECIOUS compensation to the dumb, to write his wants and wishes:
O dear amends to the stammering tongue, to pen his burning thoughts!
To be of the college of Eloquence, through these silent symbols;
To pour out all the flowing mind without the toil of speech;
To show the babbling world how it might discourse more sweetly;
To prove that merchandise of words bringeth no monopoly of wisdom,
To take sweet vengeance on a prating crew, for the tongue's dishonor,
By the large triumph of the pen, the homage rendered to a writing.
With such, that telegraph of mind is dearer than wealth or wisdom,
Enabling to please without pain, to impart without humiliation.

Fair girl, whose eye hath caught the rustic penmanship of love,
Let thy bright brow and blushing cheek confess in this sweet hour, —
Let thy full heart, poor guilty one, whom the scroll of pardon hath just reached, —
Thy wet glad face, O mother, with news of a far off-child, —
Thy strong and manly delight, pilgrim of other shores,
When the dear voice of thy betrothed speaketh in the letter of affection: —

Let the young poet exulting in his lay, and hope (how false) of fame,
While watching at deep midnight, he buildeth up the verse, —
Let the calm child of genius, whose name shall never die,
For that the transcript of his mind hath made his thoughts immortal, —
Let these, let all, with no faint praise, with no light gratitude, confess
The blessings poured upon the earth from the pen of a ready writer.

Moreover, their preciousness in absence is proved by the desire of their presence;
When the despairing lover waiteth day after day,
Looking for a word in reply, one word writ by that hand,
And cursing bitterly the morn ushered in by blank disappointment:
Or when the long-looked-for answer argueth a cooling friend,
And the mind is plied suspiciously with dark inexplicable doubts,
While thy wounded heart counteth its imaginary scars,
And thou art the innocent and injured, that friend the capricious and in fault;
Or when the earnest petition, that craveth for thy needs
Unheeded, yea, unopened, tortureth with starving delay:
Or when the silence of a son, who would have written of his welfare,
Racketh a father's bosom with sharp-cutting fears,
For a letter, timely writ, is a rivet to the chain of affection,
And a letter, untimely delayed, is as rust to the solder.

Prov. Phil. i. *Writing*.

BOAR — HARE.

The wild boar, full of beechmast, flingeth him down among the brambles;
Secure in bristly strength, without a watch he sleepeth:
But the hare, afraid to feed, croucheth in its own soft form;
Wakefully with timid eyes, and quivering ears, he listeneth

Prov. Phil. ii. *Fame.*

BOOKS AND FRIENDS.

One drachma for a good book, and a thousand talents for a true friend: —
So standeth the market where scarce is ever costly:
Yea, were the diamonds of Golconda common as shingles on the shore,
A ripe apple would ransom kings before a shining stone:
And so were a wholesome book as rare as an honest friend,
To choose the book be mine: the friend let another take.
For altered looks and jealousies and fears have none entrance there:
The silent volume listeneth well, and speaketh when thou listest:
It praiseth thy good without envy, it chideth thine evil without malice,
It is to thee thy waiting slave, and thine unbending teacher.
Need to humor no caprice, need to bear with no infirmity,
Thy sin, thy slander, or neglect, chilleth not, quencheth not, its love;
Unalterably speaketh it the truth, warped nor by error nor interest;
For a good book is the best of friends, the same to-day and forever.

Prov. Phil. i. *Reading.*

BOOKS APOSTROPHIZED.

O BOOKS, ye monuments of mind, concrete wisdom of the wisest;
Sweet solaces of daily life; proofs and results of immortality;
Trees yielding all fruits, whose leaves are for the healing of the nations,
Groves of knowledge, where all may eat, nor fear a flaming sword;
Gentle comrades, kind advisers; friends, comforts, treasures:
Helps, governments, diversities of tongues; who can weigh your worth? —
To walk no longer with the just; to be driven from the porch of science;
To bid long adieu to those intimate ones, poets, philosophers, and teachers;
To see no record of the sympathies which bind thee in communion with the good;
To be thrust from the feet of Him, who spake as never man spake;
To have no avenue to heaven but the dim aisle of superstition;
To live as an Esquimaux, in lethargy; to die as the Mohawk, in ignorance:
O what were life, but a blank? what were death, but a terror?
What were man, but a burden to himself? what were mind, but misery?
Yea, let another Omar burn the full library of knowledge, *
And the broad world may perish in the flames, offered on the ashes of its wisdom!

Prov. Phil. i. *Reading*

* The Alexandrian Library, containing seven hundred thousand manuscripts, was burned by the fanatical calif Omar.

CAPRICIOUSNESS OF TASTE.

Friend and scholar, who, in charity, hast walked with me thus far,
We have wandered in a wilderness of sweets, tracking beauty's footsteps:
And ever as we rambled on among the tangled thicket,
Many a startling thought hath tempted further roaming;
Passion, sympathetic influence, might of imaginary halos, —
Many the like would lure aside, to hunt their wayward themes.
And, look you! — from his ferny bed in yonder hazel coppice,
A dappled hart hath flung aside the boughs and broke away;
He is fleet and capricious as the zephyr, and with exulting bounds
Hieth down a turfy lane between the sounding woods;
His neck is garlanded with flowers, his antlers hung with chaplets,
And rainbow-colored ribbons stream adown his mottled flanks:
Should we follow? — foolish hunters, thus to chase afoot, —
Who can track the airy speed and doubling wiles of taste?

Prov. Phil. ii. *Beauty.*

CHARACTER AT THE JUDGMENT.

For a man's works do follow him: bodily, standing in the judgment,
Behold the false accuser, behold the slandered saint;
The slave, and his bloody driver; the poor and his generous friend;
The simple dupe, and the crafty knave: the murderer, and — his victim!

Yet all are in many characters; the best stand guilty at the bar;
And he that seemed the worst may have most of real excuse.
The talents unto which a man is born, be they few or many,
Are dropped into the balance of account, working unlooked-for changes,
And perchance the convict from the galleys may stand above the hermit from his cell,
For that the obstacles in one outweigh the propensions in the other.

Prov. Phil. i. *Good in Things Evil.*

CHARITY AT HOME.

CHARITY sitteth on a fair hill-top, blessing far and near,
But her garments drop ambrosia, chiefly on the violets around her:
She gladdeneth indeed the maplike scene, stretching to the verge of the horizon,
For her angel face is lustrous and beloved, even as the moon in heaven:
But the light of that beatific vision gloweth in serener concentration,
The nearer to her heart, and nearer to her home, — that hill-top where she sitteth:
Therefore is she kind unto her kin, yearning in affection on her neighbors,
Giving gifts to those around who know and love her well.

Prov. Phil. ii. *Gifts.*

CHARITABLE JUDGMENT OF THE DYING.

WHETHER unto any lasting use she prayed and reasoned with that hard dried heart, none but the Omniscient can tell. Let us hope: let us hope; for the fretful voice was stilled, and the cloudy forehead brightened, and the haggard eyes looked cheerfully to meet the inevitable stroke of death.

Twins.

CHEERFULNESS.

THE stoutest armor of defence is that which is worn within the bosom,
And the weapon that no enemy can parry, is a bold and cheerful spirit:
Catapults in old war worked like Titans, crushing foes with rocks,
So doth a strong-springed heart throw back every load on its assailants.

Prov. Phil. ii. *Cheerfulness.*

CHILDREN TO BE GUARDED FROM FEAR.

FEAREST thou the dark, poor child? I would not have thee left to thy terrors;
Darkness is the semblance of evil, and nature regardeth it with dread:
Yet know thy father's God is with thee still, to guard thee:
It is a simple lesson of dependence, let thy tost mind anchor upon Him.

Did a sudden noise affright thee? lo, this or that hath caused it:
Things undefined are full of dread, and stagger stouter nerves.
The seeds of misery and madness have been sowed in the nights of infancy;
Therefore be careful that ghastly fears be not the night companions of thy child.

Prov. Phil. i. *Education.*

CHILDHOOD.

A CHILD was playing in a garden, a merry little child,
Bounding with triumphant health, and full of happy fancies;
His kite was floating in the sunshine, — but he tied the string to a twig,
And ran among the roses to catch a new-born butterfly;
His horn-book lay upon a bank, but the pretty truant hid it
Buried up in gathered grass, and moss, and sweet wild-thyme;
He launched a paper boat upon the fountain, — then wayward turned aside,
To twine some vagrant jessamines about the dripping marble:
So, in various pastime, shadowing the schemes of manhood,
That curly-headed boy consumed the golden hours:
And I blessed his glowing face, envying the merry little child,
As he shouted with the ecstacy of being, clapping his hands for joyfulness:
For I said, Surely, O Life, thy name is happiness and hope,
Thy days are bright, thy flowers are sweet, and pleasure the condition of thy gift.

Prov. Phil. ii. *Life.*

CHOICE OF A WIFE.

Suffer not trifles to win thy love; for a wife is thine unto death.
The harp and the voice may thrill thee, — sound may enchant thine ear,
But consider thou, the hand will wither, and the sweet notes turn to discord:
The eye so brilliant at even, may be red with sorrow in the morning;
And the sylph-like form of elegance must writhe in the crampings of pain.

* * * * * *

Let her be a child of God, that she bring with her a blessing to thy house, —
A blessing above riches, and leading contentment in its train:
Let her be an heir of heaven: so shall she help thee on thy way;
For those who are one in faith, fight double-handed against evil.

* * * * * *

Affect not to despise beauty; no one is freed from its dominion:
But regard it not a pearl of price: — it is fleeting as the bow in the clouds.
If the character within be gentle, it often hath its index in the countenance:
The soft smile of a loving face is better than splendor that fadeth quickly.
When thou choosest a wife, think not only of thyself,
But of those God may give thee of her, that they reproach thee not for their being:

See that he hath given her health, lest thou lose her early and weep;
See that she springeth of a wholesome stock, that thy little ones perish not before thee:
For many a fair skin hath covered a mining disease,
And many a laughing cheek been bright with the glare of madness.

Prov. Phil. i. *Marriage.*

CHURCH ARCHITECTURE.

By what rule of taste is an obelisk-like spire so often stuck upon the roof of a Grecian temple, and by what rule of convenience do gigantic columns so commonly and resolutely sentinel the narrowest of exits and entrances? Let us be more commonly contented, as well we may, with our grand, appropriate, and impressive indigenous kinds of architecture, — Gothic, Norman, and Saxon: the temple of Ephesus was not suitable to be fitted up with galleries, nor was the Parthenon meant to be surmounted by a steeple.

An Author's Mind.

CONTENT.

Content is the true riches, for without it there is no satisfying,
But a ravenous all-devouring hunger gnaweth the vitals of the soul.
The wise man knoweth where to stop, as he runneth in the race of fortune,
For experience of old hath taught him that happiness lingereth midway;

And many in hot pursuit have hasted to the goal of wealth,
But have lost, as they ran, those apples of gold, — the mind
and the power to enjoy it.

Prov. Phil. i. *Wealth.*

CONTENTED HERB-PICKER.

Such an one have I somewhile seen earn his crust with gladness;
He is a gatherer of simples, culling wild herbs upon the hills:
And now, as he sitteth on the beach, with his motherless child beside him,
To rest them in the cheerful sun, and sort their mints and hoarhound, —
Tell me can ye find upon his forehead the cloud of covetous anxiety,
Or note the dull unkindled eyes of sated sons of pleasure? —
For there is more joy of life with that poor picker of the ditches,
Than among the multitude of wealthy who wed their gains to discontent.

Prov. Phil. ii. *Contentment.*

COUNTRY.

Most tranquil, innocent, and happy life,
Full of the holy joy chaste nature yields,
Redeemed from care and sin, and the hot strife
That rings around the smok'd unwholesome dome,
Where mighty Mammon his black sceptre wields, —
Here let me rest in humble cottage home,
Here let me labor in the enamell'd fields:
How pleasant in these ancient woods to roam,

With kind-eyed friend, or friendly-teaching book;
  Or the fresh gallop on the dew-dropt heath,
Or at fair eventide with feathered hook
To strike the swift trout in the shallow brook,
  Or in the bower to twine the jasmine wreath,
Or at the earliest blush of summer morn
  To trim the bed, or turn the new-mown hay,
Or pick the perfum'd hop, or reap the golden corn!
  So should my peaceful life glide smoothly all away.

Geraldine, &c.

COURAGE AGAINST ADVERSITY.

THEREFORE look up, sad spirit; be strong, thou coward heart,
Or fear will make thee wretched, though evil follow not behind:
Cease to anticipate misfortune,—there are still many chances of escape;
But if it come, be courageous: face it, and conquer thy calamity.
There is not an enemy so stout as to storm and take the fortress of the mind,
Unless its infirmity turn traitor, and Fear unbar the gates.
The valiant standeth as a rock, and the billows break upon him;
The timorous is a skiff unmoored, tost and mocked at by a ripple;
The valiant holdeth fast to good, till evil wrench it from him;
The timorous casteth it aside, to meet the worst half way:
Yet oftentimes is evil but a braggart, that provoketh and will not fight;
Or the feint of a subtle fencer, who measureth his thrust elsewhere:

Or perchance a blessing in a masque, sent to try thy trust,
The precious smiting of a friend, whose frowns are all in love:
Often the storm threateneth, but is driven to other climes,
And the weak hath quailed in fear, while the firm hath been glad in his confidence.

Prov. Phil. i. *Anticipation.*

COURAGE AND COWARDICE.

I WENT heavily for cares, and fell into the trance of sorrow:
And behold, a vision in my trance, and my ministering angel brought it,
There stood a mountain huge and steep, the awful rock of Ages;
The sun upon its summit, and storms midway, and deep ravines at foot,
And, as I looked, a dense black cloud, suddenly dropping from the thunder,
Filled, like a cataract with yeasty foam, a narrow smiling valley:
Close and hard that vaporous mass seemed to press the ground,
And lamentable sounds came up, as of some that were smothering beneath.
Then, as I walked upon the mountain, clear in summer's noon,
For charity I called aloud, Ho! climb up hither to the sunshine.
And even like a stream of light my voice had pierced the mist;
I saw below two families of men, and knew their names of old;
Courage, struggling through the darkness, stout of heart and gladsome,

Ran up the shining ladder which the voice of hope had made;
And tripping lightly by his side, a sweet-eyed helpmate with him,
I looked upon her face to welcome pleasant Cheerfulness;
And a babe was cradled in her bosom, a laughing little prattler,
The child of Cheerfulness and Courage, — could his name be other than Success?
So, from his happy wife, when they both stood beside me on the mountain,
The fond father took that babe, and set him on his shoulder in the sunshine.

Again I peered into the valley, for I heard a gasping moan,
A desolate weak cry, as muffled in the vapors.
So down that crystal shaft into the poisonous mine
I sped for charity to seek and save, — and those I sought fled from me.
At length, I spied far distant, a trembling withered dwarf,
Who crouched beneath the cloak of a tall and spectral mourner;
Then I knew Cowardice and Gloom, and followed them on in darkness,
Guided by their rustling robes and moans and muffled cries,
Until in a suffocating pit the wretched pair had perished, —
And lo, their whitening bones were shaping out an epitaph of failure.

Prov. Phil. ii. *Cheerfulness.*

COVETOUSNESS.

In the plain of Benares is there found a root that fatheretH a forest,
Where round the parent banian-tree drop its living scions;
Thirstily they strain to the earth, like stalactites in a grotto,
And strike broad roots, and branch again, lengthening their cool arcades:
And the dervish madly danceth there, and the faquir is torturing his flesh,
And the calm brahmin worshipping the sleek and pampered bull;
At the base lean jackal's coil, while from above depending
With dull malignant stare watcheth the branch-like boa.
Even so, in man's heart is a sin that is the root of all evil;
Whose fibres strangle the affections, whose branches overgrew the mind:
And oftenest beneath its shadow thou shalt meet distorted piety, —
The clenched and rigid fist, with the eyes upturned to heaven,
Fanatic zeal, with miserly severity, a mixture of gain with godliness,
And him, against whom passion hath no power, kneeling to a golden calf:
The hungry hounds of extortion are there, the bond, and the mortgage, and the writ,
While the appetite for gold, unslumbering, watcheth to glut its maw: —
And the heart, so tenanted and shaded, is cold to all things else;
It seeth not the sunshine of heaven, nor is warmed by the light of charity.

Prov. Phil. i. *Wealth.*

CREDULITY OF SCEPTICISM.

THEREFORE cometh it to pass, that an atheist is ever the most credulous,
Snatching at any foolish cause, that may dispel his doubts;
And, even as it were for ridicule, a spectacle to men and angels,
The captious and cautious unbeliever is of all men weakest to believe:
Cut from the anchorage of God, his bark is a plaything of the billows;
The compass of his principle is broken, the rudder of his faith unshipped:
Chance and Fate, in a stultified antagonism, govern all for him;
Truth sprang from the conflict of falsities, and the multitude of accidents hath bred design!
Where is the imposture so gross that shall not entrap his curiosity?
What superstition is so abject that it doth not blanch his cheek?
Whereof can he be sure, with whom Chaos is substitute for order?
How should his silly structure stand, a pyramid built upon its apex?
Yea, I have seen gray-headed men, the bastard slips of science,
Go for light to glow worms, while they scorn the sun at noon;
Men, who fear no God, trembling at a gipsy's curse,
Men, who jest at revelation, clinging to a madman's prophecy!

Prov. Phil. ii. *Mystery.*

CRITICISM.

O THOU watchful scribe, forbear! for it is cowardly — they cannot smite again: forbear! for it is cruel — the hearts of wife and mother and lover ache upon your idle words: forbear! it is unreasonable — for oftentimes a word would prove that Rhadamanthus' self is wrong: forbear, calumnious scribe! and heed the harms you do, when you rob some poor struggler of his character for sense, and make the bread of the hungry to fail.

Heart.

CURSE OF FALSE PROSPERITY.

ONCE more; a certain priest, happy in his high vocation
With faith, and hope, and charity, well served his village altar;
As men count riches, he was poor; but great were his treasures in heaven,
And great his joys on earth, for God's sake doing good:
He had few cares and many consolations, one of the welcome every where;
The laborer accounted him his friend, and magnates did him honor at their table:
With a large heart and little means he still made many grateful,
And felt as the centre of a circle, of comfort, calmness, and content.
But on a weaker sabbath, — for he preached both well and wisely,
Some casual hearer loudly praised his great neglected talents:
Why should he be buried in security, and throw these pearls to swine?

Could he not still be doing good, — the whilst he pushed his fortunes?
Then came temptation, even on the spark of discontent;
The neighboring town had a pulpit to be filled; hotly did he canvass, and won it:
Now was he popular and courted, and listened to the spell of admiration,
And toiled to please the taste, rather than to pierce the conscience.
Greedily he sought, and seeking found, the patronizing notice of the great;
He thirsted for emoluments and honors, and counted rich men happy:
So he flattered, so he preached; and gold and fame flowed in;
They flowed in, — he was reaping his reward, — and felt himself a fool.
Alas, what a shadow was he following, — how precious was the substance he had left!
Man for God, gold for good, this was his miserable bargain,
The village church, its humble flock, and humbler parish priest,
Zeal, devotion, and approving heaven, — his books, and simple life,
His little farm and flower-beds, — his recreative rambles with a friend,
And haply at eventide the leaping trouts, to help their humble fare, —
All these wretchedly exchanged for what the world called fortune,
With the harrowing conscience of a state relapsed to vain ambitions.
Then, — for God was gracious to his soul, his better thoughts returned,

And better aims with better thoughts, his holy walk of old.
Sickened of style, and ostentation, and the dissipative fashions of society,
He deserted from the ranks of Mammon, and renewed his allegiance to God:
For he found that the praises of men, and all that gold can give,
Are not worthy to be named against godliness and calm contentment.

Prov. Phil. ii. *Contentment.*

DEATH.

O DEATH, what art thou? a Lawgiver that never altereth,
Fixing the consummating seal, whereby the deeds of life become established;
O Death, what art thou? a stern and silent usher,
Leading to the judgment for Eternity, after the trial scene of time;
O Death, what art thou? an husbandman, that reapeth always,
Out of season, as in season, with the sickle in his hand:
O Death what art thou? the shadow unto every substance,
In the bower as in the battle, haunting night and day:
O Death, what art thou? nurse of dreamless slumbers
Freshening the fevered flesh to a wakefulness eternal:
O Death, what art thou? strange and solemn alchymist,
Elaborating life's elixir from these clayey crucibles.
O Death, what art thou? antitype of Nature's marvels,
The seed and dormant chrysalis bursting into energy and glory.
Thou calm safe anchorage for the shattered hulls of men, —
Thou spot of gelid shade, after the hot-breathed desert, —

Thou silent waiting-hall, where Adam meeteth with his children, —
How full of dread, how full of hope, loometh inevitable Death:
Of dread, for all have sinned; of hope for One hath saved;
The dread is drowned in joy, the hope is filled with immortality!
— Pass along, pilgrim of life, go to thy grave unfearing,
The terrors are but shadows now that haunt the vale of Death.

Prov. Phil. ii. *Death.*

DEATH-BED CONVERSION.

Aye, changed indeed: who would have discovered in that joy-illumed brow, in those blessing-dropping lips, in those eyes full of penitence, and pity, and peace, and praise, and prayer, the harsh old usurer — the crafty money-cankered knave of dim St. Benet's Sherehog — the cold husband — the cruel father — the man without a heart? Aye, changed — changed forever now, an ever of increasing happiness and love. Who or what had caused this deep and mighty change? Natural affection was the sword, and God's the arm that wielded it. None but He could smite so deeply; and when He smote, pour balm into the wound: none but He could kill death, that dead dried heart, and quicken life within its mummied caverns: none but the Voice, which said "Let there be Light" could work this common miracle of "Let there be Love."

* * * * * *

"Thanks, — thanks, — there is time to tear it; and these good friends, Dr. Jones and Mr. Blair, take witness, — I destroy this wicked will; and my only child, Maria, has my

wealth in course of law. Wealth, yes, — if well used, let us call it wealth; for riches may indeed be made a mine of good, and joy, and righteousness. I am unworthy to use any of it well, unworthy of the work, unworthy of the reward: use it well, my holier children, wisely, liberally, kindly: God give you to do great good with it; God give you to feel great happiness in all your doing good. My hands, that saved and scraped it all, also oftentimes by evil hardness, now penitently washed in the Fountain of Salvation, heartily renounce that evil. Be ye my stewards; give liberally to many needy. Oh me, my sin! — children, to my misery you know what need is: I say no more. I can say no more; poor sinful man, how dare I preach to others? Children, dearest ones, I am a father still; and I would bless you — bless you!

"I grow weak, but my heart seems within me to grow stronger, — I go, — I go, to the Home of the Heart, where He that sits upon the throne is Love, and where all the pulses of all the beings there thrill in unison with Him, the Great Heart of Heaven! I, even I, am one of the redeemed, — my heart is fixed, I will sing and give praise: I, even I, the hardest and the worst, forgiven, accepted! Who are ye, bright messengers about my bed, heralds of glory? I go, I go — one, one more, Maria, — one last kiss; we meet — again — in heaven!"

Had he fainted? — yes, — his countenance looked lustrou yet diminishing in glory even as a setting sun; the living sm faded gradually away, and a tranquil cold calm crept o his cheeks: the angelic light, which made his eyes so bea ful to look at, was going out, going out: all was peace, pe deep peace.

O death, where is thy sting? O grave where is victory?

He

DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

I SAW him after many days, when the time of his release was come,
And I longed for a congregated world, to behold that dying saint.
As the aloe is green and well-liking, till the last best summer of its age,
And then hangeth out its golden bells to mingle glory with corruption;
As a meteor travelleth in splendor, but bursteth in dazzling light;
Such was the end of the righteous: his death was the sun at his setting.

Prov. Phil. i. *Joy.*

DEATH OF A MAN OF PRAYER.

THOUSANDS bewail a hero, and a nation mourneth for its king,
But the whole universe lamenteth the loss of a man of prayer.

Prov. Phil. i. *Prayer.*

DISCIPLINE IN LATER LIFE.

AS AN infant, thy mandate was enough, but now let him see thy reasons;
Confide in him, but with discretion: and bend a willing ear to his questions.
More to thee than to all beside, let him owe good counsel and good guidance;

Let him feel his pursuits have an interest, more to thee than to all beside;
Watch his native capacities; nourish that which suiteth him the readiest;
And cultivate early those good inclinations wherein thou fearest he is most lacking:
Is he phlegmatic and desponding? let small successes comfort his hope;
Is he obstinate and sanguine? let petty crosses accustom him to life.
Showeth he a sordid spirit? be quick, and teach him generosity;
Inclineth he to liberal excess? prove to him how hard it is to earn.
Gather to thy hearth such friends as are worthy of honor and attention,
For the company a man chooseth is a visible index of his heart:
But let not the pastor whom thou hearest be too much a familiar in thy house,
For thy children may see his infirmities, and learn to cavil at his teaching.
It is well to take hold on occasions, and render indirect instruction;
It is better to teach upon a system, and reap the wisdom of books:
The history of nations yieldeth grand outlines: of persons minute details:
Poetry is polish to the mind, and high abstractions cleanse it.

Prov. Phil. i. *Education.*

DISCRETION INVOKED FOR YOUTH.

Discretion guide thee on thy way, nobly-minded youth,
Help thee to humor infirmities, to wink at innocent errors,
To take small count of forms, to bear with prejudice and fancy:
Discretion guard thine asking, discretion aid thine answer,
Teach thee that well-timed silence hath more eloquence than speech,
Whisper thee, thou art Weakness, though thy cause be strength,
And tell thee, the keystone of an arch can be loosened with least labor from within.
The snows of Hecla lie around its troubled smoking Geysers;
Let the cool streams of prudence temper the hot spring of zeal:
So shalt thou gain thine honorable end, nor lose the midway prize,
So shall thy life be useful, and thy young heart happy.

Prov. Phil. i. *Discretion.*

DOWNWARD CAREER.

If a destiny like this man's can ever have a crisis, the hour of his hope is that; but downward still, into a lower gulf, has been continually his bad career; there is (unless a miracle intervene) no stopping in the slope on which he glides, albeit there may be precipices. He that rushes in his sledge down the artificial ice-hills of St. Petersburgh, skims along not more swiftly, than Jennings, from the altitude of infant innocence, had sheared into the depth of full-grown depravity;

but even he can fall, and reach, with startling suddenness, lower deep.

As if that Russian mountain, hewn asunder midway, were fitted flush to a Norwegian cliff, beetling precipitately over the whirlpool; then tilt the sledge with its furred inmate over the slope, let it skim with quicker impetus the smoking ice, let it touch that beetling edge, and, leaping from the tangent, let it dart through the air, let it strike the eddying waters, be sucked hurriedly down that hoarse black throat, wind among the roots of the everlasting hills, and split upon the loadstone of the centre!

Even such a fate, "down, down to hell," will come to Simon Jennings; wrapped in the furs of complacency, seated in the sledge of covetousness, adown the slippery launch of well-worn evil habit,—over the precipice of crime,—into the billows of impenitent remorse,—to be swallowed by the vortex of Gehenna!

Crock of Gold.

DREAM OF HEAVEN AND HELL.

FURTHER, under the sun, at the roots of purple mountains,
I noted a blaze of glory, as the night-fires on northern skies;
And I heard the hum of joy, as if were a sea of melody;
And far as the eye could reach, were millions of happy creatures
Basking in the golden light; and I knew that land was Heaven.
Then the hill whereon I stood split asunder, and a crater yawned at my feet,
Black and deep and dreadful, fenced round with ragged rocks;
Dimly was the darkness lit up by spires of distant flame:

And I saw below a moving mass of life, like reptiles bred in corruption,
Where all was terrible unrest, shrieks and groans and thunder.

Prov. Phil. i. *Rest.*

EARLY EDUCATION.

SCRATCH the green rind of a sapling, or wantonly twist it in the soil,
The scarred and crooked oak will tell of thee for centuries to come;
Even so mayst thou guide the mind to good, or lead it to the marrings of evil.

Prov. Phil. i. *Education.*

CHECK not a child in his merriment, — should not his morning be sunny?

Ibid.

EFFORT MISAPPLIED.

A SMITH at the loom, and a weaver at the forge, were but sorry craftsmen;
And a ship that saileth on every wind never shall reach her port:
Yet there be thousands among men who heed not the leaning of their talents,
But, cutting against the grain, toil on to no good end;

And the light of a thoughtful spirit is quenched beneath the bushel of commerce,
While meaner plodding minds are driven up the mountain of philosophy:
The cedar withereth on a wall, while the house-leek is fattening in a hot-bed.
And the dock with its rank leaves hideth the sun from violets.

Prov. Phil. i. *Self-Acquaintance.*

ELOQUENCE.

Come, I will tell thee of a joy, which the parasites of pleasure have not known,
Though earth and air and sea have gorged all the appetites of sense.
Behold, what fire is in his eye, what fervor on his cheek!
That glorious burst of winged words! — how bound they from his tongue!
The full expression of the mighty thought, the strong triumphant argument,
The rush of native eloquence, resistless as Niagara,
The keen demand, the clear reply, the fine poetic image,
The nice analogy, the clenching fact, the metaphor bold and free,
The grasp of concentrated intellect wielding the omnipotence of truth,
The grandeur of his speech, in his majesty of mind!
Champion of the right, — patriot, or priest, or pleader of the innocent cause,
Upon whose lips the mystic bee hath dropped the honey of persuasion,

Whose heart and tongue have been touched, as of old, by the live coal from the altar,
How wide the spreading of thy peace, how deep the draught of thy pleasures!
To hold the multitude as one, breathing in measured cadence
A thousand men with flashing eyes, waiting upon thy will;
A thousand hearts kindled by thee with consecrated fire,
Ten flaming spiritual hecatombs offered on the mount of God:
And now a pause, a thrilling pause, — they live but in thy words, —
Thou hast broken the bounds of self, as the Nile at its rising,
Thou art expanded into them, one faith, one hope, one spirit.
They breathe but in thy breath, their minds are passive unto thine.
Thou turnest the key of their love, bending their affections to thy purpose,
And all, in sympathy with thee, tremble with tumultuous emotions.
Verily, O man, with truth for thy theme, eloquence shall throne thee with archangels.

Prov. Phil. i. *Speaking.*

END OF MAN.

For what then was I born? — to fill the circling year
With daily toil for daily bread, with sordid pains and pleasures? —
To walk this chequered world, alternate light and darkness,
The day-dreams of deep thought followed by the night-dreams of fancy? —
To be one in a full procession? — to dig my kindred clay? —

To decorate the gallery of art? — to clear a few acres of forest?
For more than these, my soul, thy God hath lent thee life.
Is then that noble end to feed this mind with knowledge,
To mix for mine own thirst the sparkling wine of wisdom,
To light with many lamps the caverns of my heart,
To reap, in the furrows of my brain, good harvest of right reasons? —
For more than these, my soul, thy God hath lent thee life.
Is it to grow stronger in self-government, to check the chafing will,
To curb with tightening rein the mettled steeds of passion,
To welcome with calm heart, far in the voiceless desert,
The gracious visitings of heaven that bless my single self? —
For more than these, my soul, thy God hath lent thee life.
To aim at thine own happiness, is an end idolatrous and evil,
In earth, yea in heaven, if thou seek it for itself, seeking thou shalt not find.
Happiness is a roadside flower, growing on the highways of Usefulness,
Plucked, it shall wither in thy hand; passed by, it is fragrance to thy spirit:
Love not thine own soul, regard not thine own weal,
Trample the thyme beneath thy feet; be useful, and be happy!

Prov Phil. i. *Discretion.*

ENOUGH.

ENOUGH is less than thy thought, O pampered creature of society,
And he that hath more than enough, is a thief of the rights of his brother.

Prov. Phil. i. *Wealth.*

ESTIMATES OF GUILT.

TOUCHING guilt and innocence: a man shall walk in his uprightness
Year after year without reproach, in charity and honesty with all:
But in one evil hour the enemy shall come in like a flood;
Shall track him, and tempt him, and hem him, — till he knoweth not whither to fly.
Perchance his famishing little ones shall scream in his ears for bread,
And, maddened by that fierce cry, he rusheth as a thief upon the world:
The world that hath left him to starve, itself wallowing in plenty, —
The world, that denieth him his rights, — he daringly robbeth it of them.
I say not, such an one is innocent: but small is the measure of his guilt
To that of his wealthy neighbor, who would not help him at his need;
To that of the selfish epicure, who turned away with coldness from his tale;
To that of unsuffering thousands, who look with complacence on his fall.

Prov. Phil. i. *Estimating Character.*

ESTIMATES OF CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.

Who art thou, O man, that art fixing the limits of the fold?
Wherefore settest thou stakes to spread the tent of heaven?
Lay not the plummet to the line: religion hath no land-marks:
No human keenness can discern the subtle shades of faith:
In some it is as earliest dawn, the scarce diluted darkness;
In some as dubious twilight, cold and gray and gloomy;
In some the ebon east is streaked with flaming gold:
In some the dayspring from on high breaketh in all its praise.
And who hath determined the when, separating light from darkness?
Who shall pluck from earliest dawn the promise of the day?
Leave that care to the Husbandman, lest thou garner tares;
Help thou the Shepherd in his seeking, but to separate be his:
For I have often seen the noble erring spirit
Wrecked on the shoals of passion, and numbered of the lost;
Often the generous heart, lit by unhallowed fire,
Counted a brand among the burning, and left uncared-for, in his sin:
Yet I waited a little year, and the mercy thou hadst forgotten
Hath purged that noble spirit, washing it in waters of repentance;
That glowing generous heart, having burnt out all its dross
Is as a golden censer, ready for the aloes and cassia:
While thou, hard-visaged man, unlovely in thy strictness,
Who turned from him thy sympathies with self-complacent pride,
How art thou shamed by him! his heart is a spring of love,
While the dry well of thine affections is choked with secret mammon.

* * * * * *

Perchance, if thou knewest the whole, and largely with comprehensive mind
Couldst read the history of character, the chequered story of a life,
And into the great account, which summeth a mortal's destiny,
Wert to add the forces from without, dragging him this way and that,
And the secret qualities within, grafted on the soul from the womb,
And the might of other men's example, among whom his lot is cast,
And the influence of want, or wealth, of kindness, or harsh ill-usage,
Of ignorance he cannot help, and knowledge found for him by others,
And first impressions, hard to be effaced, and leadings to right or to wrong,
And inheritance of likeness from a father, and natural human frailty,
And the habit of health or disease, and prejudices poured into his mind,
And the myriad little matters none but Omniscience can know,
And accidents that steer the thoughts, where none but Ubiquity can trace them; —
If thou couldst compass all these, and the consequents flowing from them,
And the scope to which they tend, and the necessary fitness of all things,
Then shouldst thou see as He seeth, who judgeth all men equal, —

Equal, touching innocence and guilt; and different alone in this,
That one acknowledgeth his evil, and looketh to his God for mercy;
Another boasteth of his good, and calleth on his God for justice;
So He, that sendeth none away, is largely munificent to prayer.
But, in the heart of presumption, sheatheth the sword of vengeance.

Ibid.

EVILS OF LIGHTLY-GOTTEN WEALTH.

Look also at the pretty prattling babes, twin boys of two years old, whom Roger used to hasten home to see; who had to say their simple prayers; to be kissed and comforted, and put to bed; to be made happier by a wild flower picked up on his path, than if the gift had been a coral, with gold bells: where were they now? neglected, dirty, fretting in a corner, their red eyes full of wonder at father's altered ways, and their quick minds watching, with astonished looks, the progress of domestic discord. How the crock of gold had nipped those early blossoms as a killing frost!

Again, there used to be, till this sad week of wealth and riotous hilarity, that constantly recurring blessing of the morn and evening prayer which Roger read aloud, and Grace's psalm or chapter; and afterwards the frugal meal — too scanty, perhaps, and coarse — but still refreshing, thank the Lord, and seasoned well with health and appetite; and the heartfelt sense of satisfaction that all around was earned

by honest labor; and there was content and hope of better times, and God's good blessing over everything.

Now, all these pleasures had departed; gold, unhallowed gold, gotten hastily in the beginning, broadcast on the rank strong soil of a heart that coveted it earnestly, had sprung up as a crop of poisonous tares, and choked the patch of wheat: gold, unhallowed gold, light come, light gone, had scared or killed the flock of unfledged loves that used to nestle in the cotter's thatch, as surely as if the cash were stones, flung wantonly by truants at a dove-cot; and forth from the crock, that egg of woe, had been hatched a red-eyed vulture, to tyrannize in this sad home, where but lately the pelican had dwelt, had spread her fostering wing, and poured out the wealth of her affections.

Crock of Gold.

FAITH — FANCY.

TRUST not thy soul upon a fancy: who would freight a bubble with a diamond,
And launch that priceless gem on the boiling rapids of a cataract?

Prov. Phil. ii. *Immortality.*

FALLING TREE.

SEEK we yonder woodman of the plain; he is measuring his axe to the elm,
And anon the sturdy strokes ring upon the wintry air;
Eagerly the village schoolboys cluster on the tightened rope,

Shouting, and bending to the pull, or lifted from the ground elastic;
The huge tree boweth like Sisera, boweth to its foes with faintness, —
Its sinews crack, — deep groans declare the reeling anguish of Goliath,
The wedge is driven home, — and the saw is at its heart, — and lo, with solemn slowness,
The shuddering monarch riseth from his throne, — toppled with a crash, — and is fallen!

Prov. Phil. ii. *Yesterday.*

FALSE HUMILITY.

Yet there is a meanness of spirit that is fair in the eyes of most men,
Yea, and seemeth fair unto itself, loving to be thought Humility.
Its choler is not roused by insolence, neither do injuries disturb it:
Honest indignation is strange unto its breast, and just reproof unto its lip.
It shrinketh, looking fearfully on men, fawning at the feet of the great;
The breath of calumny is sweet unto its ear, and it courteth the rod of persecution.

Prov Phil i. *Humility*

FAME.

BLOW the trumpet, spread the wing, fling thy scroll upon the sky,
Rouse the slumbering world, O Fame, and fill the sphere with echo:
— Beneath thy blast they wake, and murmurs come hoarsely on the wind,
And flashing eyes and bristling hands proclaim they hear thy message:
Rolling and surging as a sea, that upturned flood of faces
Hasteneth with its million tongues to spread the wondrous tale;
The hum of added voices groweth to the roaring of a cataract.
And rapidly from wave to wave is tossed that exaggerated story,
Until those stunning clamors gradually diluted in the distance,
Sink ashamed, and shrink afraid of noise, and die away.
Then brooding Silence, forth from his hollow caverns,
Cloaked and cowled, and gliding along, a cold and stealthy shadow,
Once more is mingled with the multitude, whispering as he walketh,
And hushing all their eager ears to hear some newer Fame.

Prov. Phil. ii. *Fame.*

FAMILY SUBORDINATION.

She that lieth in thy bosom, the tender wife of thy
Must obey thee, and be subject, that evil drop :
dwelling :
The child that is used to constraint, feareth not m
loveth ;
But give thy son his way, he will hate thee and
together.
The master of a well-ordered home, knoweth to be
servants ;
Yet he exacteth reverence, and each one feareth at
Prov. Phil. i. S

Above all things graft on him subjection, yea in
trifle ;
Courtesy to all, reverence to some, and to thee u
obedience.
Prov. Phil. i. E

Be obeyed when thou commandest ; but command
Let thy carriage be the gentleness of love, not the
of tyranny,
Make not one child a warning to another : bu
offender apart :
For self-conceit and wounded pride rankle like po
soul.
A mild rebuke in the season of calmness, is better
in the heat of passion,

Nevertheless spare not, if thy word hath passed for punishment;
Let not thy child see thee humbled, nor learn to think thee false;
Suffer none to reprove thee before him, and reprove not thine own purposes by change;
Yet speedily turn thou again, and reward him where thou canst,
For kind encouragement in good cutteth at the roots of evil.

Ibid.

FAMILY PRAYER.

HOLD the little hands in prayer, teach the weak knees their kneeling;
Let him see thee speaking to thy God; he will not forget it afterward:
When old and gray, will he feelingly remember a mother's tender piety,
And the touching recollection of her prayers shall arrest the strong man in his sin.

Prov. Phil. i. *Education.*

FAULT-FINDING.

NOTHING but may be better, and every better might be best;
The blind may discern, and the simple prove, fault or want in all things:
And a little mind looketh on the lily with a microscopic eye,
Eager and glad to pry out specks on its robe of purity;
But a great mind gazeth on the sun, glorying in his brightness,

And taking large knowledge of his good, in the broa
of creation :
What, though he hatch basilisks? what, though spc
the sun?
In fulness is his worth, in fulness be his praise!
Prov. Phil. i. *Commen*

FEMALE BEAUTY.

AJAX may rout a phalanx, but beauty shall ensl
single-handed;
Pericles ruled Athene, yet is he the servant of Aspas
Light were the labor, and oftentold the tale, to count
tories of beauty, —
Helen, and Judith, and Omphale, and Thais, many a
name,
At a glance the misanthrope was softened, and repe
his vows,
When beauty asked, he gave, and banned her —
blessing;
The cold ascetic loved the smile that lit his dismal ce
And kindly stayed her step, and wept when she depa
The bigot abbess felt her heart gush with a mother's
When looking on some lovely face beneath the
shade;
Usury freed her without ransom: the buccaneer wa
in her presence:
Madness kissed her on the cheek, and Idiotcy brigh
her coming:
Yea, the very cattle in the field, and hungry prowle
forest,
With fawning homage greeted her, as beauty glided b

A welcome guest unbidden, she is dear to every hearth ;
A glad spontaneous growth of friends are springing round her rest :
Learning sitteth at her feet, and Idleness laboreth to please her,
Folly hath flung aside his bells, and leaden Dullness gloweth ;
Prudence is rash in her defence ; Frugality filleth her with riches ;
Despair came to her for counsel ; and Bereavement was glad when she consoled ;
Justice putteth up his sword at the tear of supplicating beauty,
And Mercy, with indulgent haste, hath pardoned beauty's sin.

Prov. Phil. ii. *Beauty.*

FILIAL FRIENDSHIP.

When his reason yieldeth fruit, make thy child thy friend ;
For a filial friend is a double gain, a diamond set in gold.

Prov. Phil. i. *Education.*

FLIGHT OF MIND.

Come hither, child of meditation, upon whose high fair forehead
Glittereth the star of mind in its unearthly lustre,
Hast thou nought to tell us of thine airy joys, —
When borne on sinewy pinions, strong as the western condor,
The soul, after soaring for a while round the cloud-capped Andes of reflection,
Glad in its conscious immortality, leaveth a world behind,

To dare at one bold flight the broad Atlantic to :
Hast thou no secret pangs to whisper common n
No dread of thine own energies, still active, day
Lest too ecstatic heat sublime thyself away,
Or vivid horrors, sharp and clear, madden thy t
In half-shaped visions of sleep hast thou not fe
tings,
Lest reason, like a raking hawk, return not to th
Nor waked to work-day life with throbbing head
Nor welcomed early dawn to save thee from unr
For the wearied spirit lieth as a fainting maiden,
Captive and borne away on the warrior's foam-c
And sinketh down wounded, as a gladiator on th
While the keen falchion of Intellect is cutting
scabbard of the brain.
Imagination, like a shadowy giant looming on th
the Harts,
Shall overwhelm Judgment with affright, and sc
his throne:
In a dream thou mayst be mad, and feel the fire
In a dream thou mayst travel out of self, and s
the eyes of another;
Or sleep in thine own corpse; or wake as in mar
Or swell, as expanded to infinity; or shrink, as i
a point;
Or among moss-grown ruins may wander with th
embodied,
And gaze upon their glassy eyes until thy heart-

Prov. Phil. i.

FORCE OF FAITH.

A MOTHER had an only son, and sent him out to sea:
She was a widow, and in penury; and he must seek his fortunes.
How often in the wintry nights, when waves and winds were howling,
Her heart was torn with sickening dread, and bled to see her boy.
And on one sunny morn, when all around was comfort,
News came, that weeks agone, the vessel had been wrecked;
Yea, wrecked, and he was dead! they had seen him perish in his agony:
Oh then, what agony was like to hers, — for she believed the tale!
She was bowed and broken down with sorrow, and uncomforted in prayer;
Many nights she mourned, and pined, and had no hope but death.
But on a day, while sorely she was weeping, a stranger broke upon her loneliness, —
He had news to tell, that weather-beaten man, and must not be denied:
And what were the wonder-working words that made this mourner joyous,
That swept her heaviness away, and filled her world with praise?
Her son was saved, — is alive, — is near! — O did she stop to question?
No, rushing in the force of faith, she met him at the door!

Prov. Phil. ii. *Faith.*

GERALDINE.

Part I.

It is the wolf, on stealthy prowl,
Hath startled the night with a dismal howl,
It is the raven, whose hoarse croak
Comes like a groan from the sear old oak,
It is the owl, whose curdling screech
Hath peopled with terrors the spectral beech;
For again the clock hath toll'd out twelve,
And sent to their gambols the gnome and the elve.
And awoken the friar his beads to tell,
And taught the magician the time for his spell,
And to her cauldron hath hurried the witch,
And arous'd the deep bay of the mastiff bitch.

The gibbous moon, all chilling and wan,
Like a sleepless eyeball looketh on,
Like an eyeball of sorrow behind a shroud
Forth looketh she from a torn gray cloud,
Pouring sad radiance on the black air, —
Sun of the night, — what sees she there?

O lonely one: O lonely one,
What dost thou here in the forest dun,
Fair truant, — like an angel of light
Hiding from heaven in deep midnight?
Alas! there is guilt in thy glittering eye,
As fearfully dark it looks up to the sky,
Alas! a dull unearthly light,
Like a dead star, bluely white,

A seal of sin, I note it now,
Flickers upon thy ghastly brow;
And about the huge old oak
Thickly curls a poisonous smoke,
And terrible shapes with evil names
Are leaping around a circle of flames,
And the lost air whirls, storm-driven,
And the rent earth quakes, charm-riven, —
And — art thou not afraid?

All dauntless stands the maid
In mystical robe array'd,
And still with flashing eyes
She dares the sorrowful skies,
And to the moon, like one possest,
Hath shown, — O dread! that face so fair
Should smile above so shrunk a breast,
Haggard and brown, as hangeth there, —
O evil sight! — wrinkled and old,
The dug of a witch, and clammy cold, —
Where in warm beauty's rarest mould
Is fashioned all the rest;
O evil sight! for, by the light,
From those large eyes streaming bright,
By thy beauty's wondrous sheen,
Lofty gait and graceful mien,
By that bosom half reveal'd,
Wither'd, and as in death congeal'd,
By the guilt upon thy brow,
Ah! Geraldine, 't is thou!

Muttering wildly through her set teeth,
She seeketh and stirreth the demons beneath,

And — hist! — the magical mandate is spo
The bonds of the spirits of evil are broke
There is a rush of invisible wings
Amid shrieks, and distant thunderings,
And now one nearer than others is heard
Flapping this way, as a huge seabird,
Or like the deep-dwelling ravenous shark
Cleaving through the waters dark.

It is the hour, the spell hath power!
Now haste thee, e'er the tempest lour.

Her mouth grows wide, and her face falls
And her beautiful brow becomes flat and
And sulphurous flashes blear and singe
That sweetest of eyes with its delicate frin
Till, all its loveliness blasted and dead,
The eye of a snake blinks deep in her hea
For raven locks flowing loose and long
Bristles a red mane, stiff and strong,
And sea-green scales are beginning to spec
Her shrunken breasts, and lengthening ne
The white round arms are sunk in her sid
As when in chrysalis canoe
A may-fly down the river glides,
Struggling for life and liberty too, —
Her body convulsively twists and twirls.
This way and that it bows and curls,
And now her soft limbs melt into one
Strangely and horribly tapering down,
Till on the burnt grass dimly is seen
A serpent-monster, scaly and green,
Horror! — can this be Geraldine?

Haste, O haste, — 't is almost past,
The sand is dripping thick and fast;
And distant roars the coming blast.

Swiftly the dragon-maid unroll'd
The burnished strength of each sinewy fold,
And round the old oak trunk with toil
Hath wound and trailed each tortuous coil,
Then with one crush hath splitten and broke
To the hollow black heart of the sear old oak.

The hour is fled, the spell hath sped;
And heavily dropping down as dead,
All in her own beauty drest,
Brightest, softest, loveliest,
Fair faint Geraldine lies on the ground,
Moaning sadly;
And forth from the oak
In a whirl of thick smoke
Grinning gladly,
Leaps with a hideous howl at a bound
A squat black dwarf of visage grim,
With crutches beside each twisted limb
Half hidden in many a flame-colored rag, —
It is Ryxa the Hag!

Part III.

The eye of a hawk is fierce and bright
As a facet-cut diamond scattering light,
Soft and rayed with invincible love
As a pure pearl is the eye of a dove;
And so in flashes quick and keen
Look'd Amador on Geraldine,

And so in sweet subduing rays,
On Amador did fondly gaze,
In gentle power of beauty's blaze,
Imperial Geraldine.

His head is cushioned on her breast,
Her dark eyes shed love on his,
And his changing cheek is prest
By her hot and thrilling kiss,
While again from her moist lips
The honeydew of joy he sips,
And views, with rising transport warm,
Her half-unveil'd bewitching form —

A step on the threshold! — the chamber is dim,
And gliding ghost-like up to him,
While entranced in conscious fear
He feels an injured angel near,
Sad Christabel with wringing hands
Beside her faithless lover stands,
Sad Christabel with streaming eyes
In silent anguish stands and sighs.

Ave, Maria! send her aid,
Bless, oh bless the wretched maid!

It is done, — he is won! — stung with remorse
He hath dropt at her feet as a clay-cold corse,
And Christabel with trembling dread
Hath rais'd on her knee his pale dear head,
And bathed his brow with many a tear,
And listened for his breath in fear,
And when she thought that none was near
But guardian saints, and God above,
Set on his lips the seal of her love!

But Geraldine had watch'd that kiss,
And with involuntary hiss,
And malice in her snake-like stare,
She gnashed her teeth on the loving pair
And shed on them both a deadly glare.

Softly through the sounding hall
  In rich melodious notes,
With many a gentle swell and fall,
  Holy music floats,
Like gossamer in a sultry sky,
Dropping low, or sailing high:
Bard Bracy, bard Bracy, that touch was thine
  On Cambria's harp with triple strings,
Wild and sweet is the hymn divine,
  Fanning the air like unseen wings;
Thy hand, good Bracy, thine alone
Can wake so sad, so sweet a tone,
Nought but the magic of thy touch
Can charm so well, and cheer so much,
And wondrously, with strong controul,
Rouse or lull the passive soul.

What aileth thee, O Geraldine?
Why waileth Lady Geraldine?
Thy body convuls'd groweth lank and lean,
Thy smooth white neck is shrivell'd and green,
Thine eyes are blear'd and sunk and keen,
O dreadful! art *thou* Geraldine?—

The spell is dead, the charm is o'er,
Writhing and coiling on the floor
Awhile she curl'd in pain, and then was seen no more.

GIFT OF THE SON.

God gave; and giving, bought; and buying, asketh love:
And in such asking rendereth bliss, to all that hear and answer,
For love with life is heaven; and life unloving, hell.

Prov. Phil. ii. *Immortality.*

GOD AND SATAN.

Mystery is God's great name; He is the mystery of goodness:
Some other from the hierarchs of heaven, usurped the mystery of sin.
God is the King, yea even of himself; he crowned himself with holiness;
The burning circlet of iniquity another found and wore.
God is separate even from his attributes: but he willed eternally the good;
Therefore freely, though unchangeably, is wise, righteous, and loving:
But ambition, open unto angels, saw the evil, flung aside from everlasting,
It was Lucifer that saw, and nothing loathed those bla unclaimed regalia,
So he coveted and stole, to be counted for a king, antago of God,
But when he touched the leprous robes, behold a cha traitor.

Prov. Phil. ii. *My*

GOD INSCRUTABLE.

THOU art subtle to thine own thinking, but wisdom judgeth thee a fool,
Resolving thou wilt not bow the knee to a Being thou canst not comprehend:
The mind that could compass perfection, were itself perfection's equal;
And reason refuseth its homage to a God who can be fully understood.

* * * * * *

Therefore, thou child of folly, that scornest the record of his wisdom,
Learn from the consistencies of nature the needful miracle of Godhead.

Prov. Phil. i. *Trinity.*

GODLINESS — CONTENT.

GODLINESS with contentment, — these be the pillars of felicity,
Jachin, wherewithal it is established, and Boaz, in the which is strength; *
And upon their capitals is lily-work, the lotus fruit and flower,
Those fair and fragrant types of holiness, innocence, and beauty;
Great gain pertaineth to the pillars, nets and chains of wreathen gold,

* 1 Kings, 7 : 21.

And they stand up straight in the temple porch, th
where Glory dwelleth.

Prov. Phil. ii. *Content*

GOD'S PERMISSION OF EVIL.

I HEARD the man of sin reproaching the goodness of J
Wherefore, if he be Almighty Love, permitteth he mis
pain?
I saw the child of hope vexed in the labyrinth of dou
Wherefore, O holy One and just, is the horn of thy
so high exalted? —
And, alas! for this our groaning world, for that gr
guilt are here;
Alas! for that Earth is the battle-field, where goo
combat with evil:
Angels look on and hold their breath, burning to
the conflict,
But the troops of the Captain of Salvation may be
the soldiers of the cross:
And that slender band must fight alone, and
triumph gloriously,
Enough shall they be for conquest, and the m
standard is ENOUGH.
Thou art sad, O denizen of earth, for pains and
death,
But remember, thy hand hath earned them;
the wages of thy doings:
Thy guilt, and thy father's guilt, must bring
in their company,
And if thou wilt drink sweet poison, doubl
thee to the core.

Who art thou but the heritor of evil, with a right to nothing good?
The respite of an interval of ease were a boon which Justice might deny thee:
Therefore lay thy hand upon thy mouth, O man much to be forgiven,
And wait, thou child of hope, for time shall teach thee all things.

Prov. Phil. i. *Good in Things Evil.*

We shall soon consider the question of permitted evil, and its origin; but this, however disturbing to creatures, will be found not only none to God, but, as it were, only a ray of His glory suffered to be broken for prismatic beauty's sake, a flash of the direction of His energies suffered to be diverted for the superior triumph of good in that day when it shall be shown that "God hath made all things for himself, yea, even the wicked for the time of visitation."

Probabilities.

GOD SUBJECT TO LAW.

Laws are essential emanations from the self-poised character of God,
And they radiate from that sun, to the circling edges of creation.
Verily, the mighty Lawgiver hath subjected Himself unto laws,
And God is the primal grand example of free unstrained obedience:

His perfection is limited by right, and cannot trespass into wrong,
Because He hath established Himself as the fountain of only good,
And in thus much is bounded, that the evil hath He left unto another,
And that dark other hath usurped the evil which Omnipotence laid down.

Prov. Phil. i. *Subjection.*

GOLD A BLESSING.

For, gold is a creature of God, representing many excellencies: the sweat of honest Industry distils to gold; the hotspring of Genius congeals to gold; the blessing upon Faithfulness is often showered in gold; and charities not seldom are guerdoned back with gold. Let no man affect to despise what Providence hath set so high in power. None do so, but the man who has it not, and who knows that he covets it in vain. Sour grapes, sour grapes, — for he may not touch the vintage. This is not the verdict of the wise: the temptation he may fear, the cares he may confess, the misuse he may condemn: yet will he acknowledge that, received at God's hand, and spent in His service, there is scarcely a creature in this nether world of higher name than Money.

Beauty fadeth; Health dieth; Talents, yea and Graces go to bloom in other spheres: — but when Benevolence would bless, and bless for ages, his blessing is vain, but for money; — when Wisdom would teach, and teach for ages, the teacher must be fed, and the school built, and the scholar helped upon his way by money, righteous money. There is a righteous money, as there is unrighteous mammon: but both

have their ministrations here limited to earth and time; the one a fruit of heaven, the other a fungus from below: yet the fruit will bring no blessing, if the Grower be forgotten; neither shall the fungus yield a poison, if warmed awhile beneath the Better Sun. Like all other gifts, given to us sweet, but spoilt in the using, gold may turn to good or ill: Health may kick, like fat Jeshurun in his wantonness: Power may change from beneficence to tyranny; Learning may grow critical in motes until it overlooks the sunbeam; Love may be degraded to an instinct; Zaccheus may turn Pharisee: Religion may cant into the hypocrite, or dogmatize to theologic hate. Even so it is with money: its power of doing good has no other equivalent in this world than its power of doing evil: it is like fire, used for hospitable warmth or wide-wasting ravages; like air, the gentle zephyr, or the destroying hurricane. Nevertheless, all is for this world, this world only; a matter extraneous to the spirit, always foreign, oftentimes adversary: let a man beware of lading himself with that thick clay.

I see a cygnet on the broad Pactolus, stemming the waters with its downy breast; and anon, it would rise upon the wing and soar to other skies; so, taking down that snow-white sail, it seeks for a moment to rest its foot on shore, and thence take flight: alas, poor bird, — thou art sinking in those golden sands, the heavy morsels clog thy flapping wing, — in vain, in vain, thou triest to rise, — Pactolus chains thee down.

Even such is wealth unto the wisest; wealth at its purest source, exponent of labor and of mind. But, to the frequent fool, heaped with foulest dross, — for the cygnet of Pactolus and those golden sands, read — the hippopotamus wallowing in the Niger, and smothered in a bay of mud.

Crock of Gold.

GOOD IN EVIL.

On all things created remaineth the half-effaced signat
God.

Prov. Phil. i. *Truth in Things F*

GOOD TIME COMING.

The time is coming, yea, now is, when a more gen
though poorer, age will condemn the Mammon frenzy c
which has preceded it. Boldly do we push our standa
advance, pressing on the flying foe, certain that a g
band will follow. Fearlessly, here and there, is hea
voice of some solitary zealot, some isolated missionary f
and truth and philanthropic good, some dauntless apo
the cause of Heart, denouncing selfish wealth as the car
society: and hark! that voice is not alone; there is a m
on the breeze as the sound of many waters; it co
comes, and the young have caught it up; and manhoo
the thrilling strain that sinks into his soul; and old age
listening, wonders (never too late) that he had not h
been wiser; and the whole social universe, electrically t
from man to man, I hear them — I hear them in thei
born generosities, penitently shouting "God and H
even louder than they execrate the memory of Dagon.

E

GOOD OUT OF EVIL.

THE leech delighteth in stinging, and the wicked loveth to do harm,
But the wise Physician of the universe useth that ill tendency for health.

Prov. Phil. i. *Good in Things Evil.*

GREAT FIRST CAUSE UNATTAINABLE.

WHAT is this? that a seed produced a seed, and so for a thousand seasons:
Ascend a thousand steps, thy ladder leaveth thee in air:
Thou canst not climb to God, and short of Him is nothing;
There is no cause for aught we see, but in his present will.
Begin from the Maker, thou carriest down his attributes to reptiles,
The sharded beetle and the lizard live and move in Him:
Begin from the creature, corruption and infirmity mar thy foolish toil,
Heap Ossa on Olympus, — how much art thou nearer to the stars?
It is easy running from a mountain's top down to the vallies at its foot,
But difficult and steep the laborious ascent, and feebly shalt thou reach it;

Prov. Phil. ii. *Mystery.*

GREAT FROM SMALL.

ONCE more, consider Matter, — how small a thing is father to the greatest:
Thou that lightly hast regarded the results of so called accident.
A blade of grass took fire in the sun, — and the prairies are burnt to the horizon:
A grain of sand may blind the eye, and madden the brain to murder:
A careful fly deposited its egg in the swelling bud of an acorn, —
The sapling grew, — cankrous and gnarled, — it is yonder hollow oak:
A child touched a spring, and the spring closed a valve, and the laboring engine burst, —
A thousand lives were in that ship, — wrecked by an infant's finger!

Prov. Phil. ii. *Immortality.*

CONSIDER every beginning, how small it is and feeble:
Ganges, and the rolling Mississippi, sprung of brooks among the mountains;
That yew-tree of a thousand years was once a little seed;
And Nero's marble Rome, a shepherd's mud-built hovel:
A speck is on the tropic sky, and it groweth to the terrible tornado;
An apple, all too fair to see, destroyed a world of souls:
A tender babe is born, — it is Attila, scourge of the nations!
A seeming malefactor dieth, — it is Jesus, the Saviour of men!

Ibid.

GREAT MINDS CARELESS OF FAME.

A HIGH heart is a sacrifice to heaven; should it stoop among
the creepers in the dust,
To tell them that what God approved is worthy of their praise?
Never shall it heed the thought; but flaming on in triumph
to the skies,
And quite forgetting fame, shall find it added as a trophy,
A great mind is an altar on a hill; should the priest descend
from his altitude
To canvass offerings and worship from dwellers on the plain?
Rather with majestic perseverance, will he minister in solitary
grandeur,
Confident the time will come when pilgrims shall be flocking
to the shrine.
For fame is the birthright of genius; and he recketh not how
long it be delayed:
The heir need not hasten to his heritage, when he knoweth
that his tenure is eternal.
The careless poet of Avon, was he troubled for his fame,
Or the deep-mouthed chronicler of Paradise, heeded he the
suffrage of his equals?
Mæonides took no thought, committing all his honors to the
future,
And Flaccus, standing on his watch-tower, spied the praise
of ages.

Prov. Phil. ii. *Fame.*

GREAT THOUGHTS FOR GREAT OCCASIONS.

For the shy game of the fowler the quickest shot is the surest;
But with slow care and measured aim the gunner pointeth his cannon:
So for all less occasions, the surface-thought is best,
But to be master of the great take thou heavier metal.

Prov. Phil. i. *Thinking.*

GROWTH OF MIND.

Behold the barren reef, which an earthquake hath just left dry;
It hath no beauty to boast of, no harvest of fair fruits:
But soon the lichen fixeth there, and, dying, diggeth its own grave,
And softening suns and splitting frosts crumble the reluctant surface;
And cormorants roost there, and the snail addeth its slime,
And efts, with muddy feet, bring their welcome tribute;
And the sea casteth out her dead, wrapped in a shroud of weeds;
And orderly nature arrangeth again the disunited atoms:
Anon, the cold smooth stone is warm with feathery grass,
And the light sporules of the fern are dropt by the passing wind,
The wood-pigeon, on swift wing, leaveth its crop-full of grain,
The squirrel's jealous care planteth the fir-cone and the filbert;
Years pass, and the sterile rock is rank with tangled herbage;

The wild vine clingeth to the briar, and ivy runneth green
among the corn,
Lordly beeches are studded on the down, and willows crowd
around the rivulet,
And the tall pine and hazel thicket shade the rambling
hunter.
Shall the rock boast of its fertility? shall it lift the head in
pride?—
Shall the mind of man be vain of the harvest of its thoughts?
The savage is that rock: and a million chances from without,
By little and little acting on the mind, heap up the hot-bed
of society:
And the soul, fed and fattened on the thoughts and things
around it,
Groweth to perfection, full of fruit, the fruit of foreign seeds.
Prov. Phil. i. *Invention.*

HAPPY OLD AGE.

BEHOLD, a patriarch of years, who leaneth on the staff of
religion;
His heart is fresh, quick to feel, a bursting fount of gener-
osity;
He, playful in his wisdom, is gladdened in his children's
gladness:
He, pure in his experience, loveth in his son's first love:
Lofty aspirations, deep affections, holy hopes are his delight;
His abhorrence is to strip from Life its charitable garment of
Ideal.
The cold and callous sneerer, who heedeth of the merely
practical,

And mocketh at good uses in imaginary things, that man is his scorn :
The hard unsympathizing modern, filled with facts and figures,
Cautious, and coarse, and materialized in mind, that man is his pity.
Passionate thirst for gain never hath burnt within his bosom,
The leaden chains of that dull lust have not bound him prisoner :
The shrewd world laughed at him for honesty, the vain world mouthed at him for honor,
The false world hated him for truth, the cold world despised him for affection :
Still, he kept his treasure, the warm and noble heart,
And in that happy wise old man survive the child and lover.
For human Life is as Chian wine, flavored unto him who drinketh it,
Delicate fragrance comforting the soul, as needful substance for the body :
Therefore, see thou art pure and guileless ; so shall thy Realities of Life
Be sweetened, and tempered, and gladdened by the wholesome spirit of Romance.

Prov. Phil. ii. *Life.*

HATRED AND ANGER.

Anger is a noble infirmity, the generous failing of the just,
The one degree that riseth above zeal, asserting the prerogatives of virtue :
But hatred is a slow continuing crime, a fire in the bad man's breast,

A dull and hungry flame, forever craving insatiate.
Hatred would harm another; anger would indulge itself:
Hatred is a simmering poison; anger, the opening of a valve:
Hatred destroyeth as the upas-tree; anger smiteth as a staff:
Hatred is the atmosphere of hell; but anger is known in heaven.
Is there not a righteous wrath, an anger just and holy,
When goodness is sitting in the dust, and wickedness enthroned on Babel?

Prov. Phil. i. *Hatred and Anger.*

Beware of the angry in his passion; but fear not to approach him afterward;
For if thou acknowledge thine error, he himself will be sorry for his wrath:
Beware of the hater in his coolness; for he meditateth evil against thee;
Commending the resources of his mind calmly to work thy ruin.
Deceit and treachery skulk with hatred, but an honest spirit flieth with anger:
The one lieth secret, as a serpent; the other chaseth, as a leopard.

Ibid.

HEART, THE FOUNTAIN OF LIFE.

Out of the heart are the issues of life, and within it is life's well-spring. Death is but a little narrow gate, in a dark rough pass among the mountains, where each must go alone, one by one, in solemn silence, for the avalanches hanging

overhead; one by one, in breathless caution, for there is but barely a footing; one by one, for none can help his brother on the track: the steady eye of faith, the firm foot of righteousness, the staff of hope to comfort and support, — these be the only helps. And each one carries with him, as his sole possession on that lonely journey, no heaps of wealth — no trappings of honor; these burdens of the camel must all be lifted off, ere he can struggle through that gully in the rocks, — "The Needle's eye;" but the sole possession which every wayfarer must take with him into those broad plains where only Spirit can be seen, and Sin no longer can be hid, is the shrine of his affections, the casket of his precious pearls in life — his Heart, unmantled and unmasked. And if in time, it had been a well of love, flowing towards God in penitence, and irrigating this world's garden with charities and blessed works, that little sparkling stream shall then burst forth from this rocky portal of the grave, a river of joy and peace, to gladden even more the sunny provinces of heaven. For the heart with its affections, never dieth: they may, indeed, flow inward, and corrupt to selfishness; becoming then, in lieu of fountains of waters, gushing forth to everlasting life, a bottomless volcano of hot lava, tempestuous and involved, setting up the creature as his own foul god, and living the perpetual death-bed of the damned; or they may nobly burst the banks of self, and, rising momentarily higher and higher, till every Nilometer is drowned, will seek forever, with expanding strength, to reach the unapproachable level of that source in the Most Highest whence they originally sprung. For this cause, the kindest fatherly word which ever reached man's ear, the surest scheme for happiness that ever touched his reason, was one from God's own heart: — "My son, give me thy heart."

Heart.

HIDDEN USES.

O, BLINDED is thine eye, if it see not just aptitude in all things;
O, frozen is thy heart, if it glow not with gratitude for all things:
In the perfect circle of creation not an atom could be spared,
From earth's magnetic zone to the bindweed round a hawthorn.

Prov. Phil. i. *Hidden Uses.*

THE sage, and the beetle at his feet, hath each a ministration to perform;
The briar and the palm have the wages of life, rendering secret service.
Neither is it thus alone with the definite existences of matter; but motion and sound, circumstance and quality.

Ibid.

ALL things have their office.
Zephyr playing with an aspen leaf, — the earthquake that rendeth a continent;
moonbeam silvering a ruined arch, — the desert wave dashing up a pyramid;
thunder of jarring icebergs, — the stops of a shepherd's pipe;
howl of the tiger in the glen, — and the wood-dove calling to her mate;
Nature's cruel rage, — the grace of the stately swan;

The fierceness looking from the lynx's eye, and the dull stupor of the sloth :
To these, and to all, is their added each its USE, though man considereth it lightly ;
For Power hath ordained nothing which Economy saw not needful.

Ibid.

HINTED THOUGHTS.

THE fair ideas, coyly peeping like young loves out of roses,
The quaint arabesque conceptions, half cherub and half flower.

Prov. Phil. i. *Indirect Influences.*

THE flash that lighteth up a valley, amid the dark midnight of a storm,
Coineth the mind with that scene sharper than fifty summers.

Ibid.

HOME.

O THE blessing of a home, where old and young mix kindly,
The young unawed, the old unchilled, in unreserved communion!
O that refuge from the world, when a stricken son or daughter
May seek with confidence of love, a father's hearth and heart ;

Sure of a welcome, though others cast them out; of kindness,
though men scorn them;
And finding there the last to blame, the earliest to commend.
Come unto me, my son, if sin shall have tempted thee astray,
I will not chide thee like the rest, but help thee to return;
Come unto me, my son, if men rebuke and mock thee,
There always shall be one to bless, — for I am on thy side!

Prov. Phil. ii. *Society.*

HORSE ABUSED.

The spent horse hideth his distress, till he panteth out his
spirit at the goal;
Also, in the winter of life, when worn by constant toil,
If ingratitude forget his services, he cannot bring them to
remembrance;
Behold, he is faint with hunger; the big tear standeth in his
eye;
His skin is sore with stripes, and he tottereth beneath his
burden;
His limbs are stiff with age, his sinews have lost their vigor,
And pain is stamped upon his face, while he wrestleth un-
equally with toil;
Yet once more mutely and meekly endureth he the crushing
blow;
That struggle hath cracked his heart-strings, — the generous
brute is dead!

Prov. Phil. i. *Cruelty to Animals.*

HUMAN HAPPINESS LIMITED.

CAN a cup contain within itself the measure of a bucket?
Or the straitened appetites of man drink more than their fill of luxury?
There is a limit to enjoyment, though the sources of wealth be boundless;
And the choicest pleasures of life lie within the ring of moderation.

Prov. Phil. i. *Compensation.*

HUMILITY.

HUMILITY is the softening shadow before the stature of Excellence,
And lieth lowly on the ground, beloved and lovely as the violet:
Humility is the fair-haired maid, that calleth Worth her brother,
The gentle silent nurse, that fostereth infant virtues:
Humility bringeth no excuse; she is welcome to God and man:
Her countenance is needful unto all, who would prosper in either world;
And the mild light of her sweet face is mirrored in the eyes of her companions,
And straightway stand they accepted, children of penitence and love.

Prov. Phil. i. *Humility.*

HYPOTHESIS OF THE FLOOD.

To considerations of humanity, and of the divine less-invention, add that of the natural and easy agency of a long amissioned comet. No "Deus e machinâ" was needed this effort: one of his ministers of flaming fire was charged call forth the services of water. This was an easy and jestic interference. Ever since man fell, yea, ages before the omniscient eye of God had foreseen all things that uld happen: and His ubiquity had, possibly from The inning, sped a comet on its errant way, which at a calcu-d period was to serve to wash the globe clean of its cor-tions: was to strike the orbit of earth just in the moment its passage, and disturbing by attraction the fountains of great deep, was temporarily to raise their level. Was this a just, a sublime, and a likely plan? Was it not a rciful, a perfect, and a worthy way? Who should else e buried the carcases on those fierce battle-fields, or the uldering heaps of pestilence and famine? — But, when at ovah's summons, heaving to the comet's mass, the pure mighty sea rises indignant from its bed, by drowning to nse the foul and mighty Land, — how easy an engulfing he corpses; how awful that universal burial; how apt ir monumental epitaph written in water, "The wicked are the troubled sea that cannot rest;" how dread the ever-ing requiem chanted for the whelmed race by the waves ring above them: yea, roaring above them still! for in chaotic hour it seems probable to reason that the land nged place with ocean; thus giving the new family of a fresh young world to live upon.

Probabilities.

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IDLENESS, WHEN EXCUSABLE.

The idle hand hath fair excuse, propping the thoughtful forehead.

Prov. Phil. i. *Words of Wisdom.*

ILLUSTRATION FOR CHILDREN.

Precepts and rules are repulsive to a child, but happy illustration winneth him:
In vain shalt thou preach of industry and prudence, till he learn of the bee and the ant;
Dimly will he think of his soul, till the acorn and chrysalis have taught him,
He will fear God in thunder, and worship his loveliness in flowers;
And parables shall charm his heart, while doctrines seem dead mystery;
Faith shall he learn of the husbandman casting good corn into the soil.

Prov. Phil. i. *Education.*

IMMORTALITY.

Who shall imagine Immortality, or picture its illimitable prospect?
How feebly can a faltering tongue express the vast idea!
For consider the primeval woods that bristle over broad Australia,
And count their autumn leaves, millions multiplied by millions;

Thence look up to a moonless sky from a sleeping isle of the Ægæan,
And add to those leaves yon starry host, sparkling on the midnight numberless;
Thence traverse an Arabia, some continent of eddying sand.
Gather each grain, let none escape, add them to the leaves and to the stars,
Afterwards gaze upon the sea, the thousand leagues of an Atlantic,
Take drop by drop, and add their sum to the grains, and leaves and stars;
The drops of ocean, the desert sands, the leaves, and stars innumerable.
(Albeit, in that multitude of multitudes, each small unit were an age,)
All might reckon for an instant, a transient flash of Time,
Compared with this intolerable blaze, the measureless enduring of Eternity!
O grandest gift of the Creator, — O largess worthy of a God, —
Who shall grasp that thrilling thought, life and joy forever?
For the sun in heaven's heaven is Love that cannot change,
And the shining of that sun is life, to all beneath its beams:
Who shall arrest it in the firmament, — or drag it from its sphere?
Or bid its beauty smile no more, but be extinct forever?
Yea, where God hath given, none shall take away,
Nor build up limits to his love, nor bid his bounty cease;
Wide as space is peopled, endless as the empire of heaven,
The river of the water of life floweth on in majesty forever!

Prov. Phil. ii. *Immortality.*

IMMORTALITY OF BRUTES.

Bishop Butler, we may all of us remember, in *the* Analogy argues that the objector against man's immortality must show good cause why that which exists, should ever cease to exist; and until that good cause be shown, the weight of probability is in favor of continual being. Now, for my part, I wish to be informed why this probability should not be extended to that innocent and maltreated class, whom God's mercy made with equal skill, and sustains with equal care, as in the case of man, and — dare we add? — of angels. Doth He not feed the ravens? Do the young lions not gather what He giveth? Doth a sparrow fall to the ground without our Father; and is not the unsinning multitude of Nineveh's young children climaxed with "much cattle?"

Author's Mind.

IMPOTENCE OF SELF-IGNORANCE.

Ignorant of Self, he is weakness at heart; the keystone crumbleth into sand,
There is panic in the general's tent, the oak is hollow as hemlock;
Though the warm sap creepeth up its bark, filling out the sheaf of leaves,
Though knowledge of all things beside add proofs of seeming vigor,
Though the master-mind of the royal sage feast on the mysteries of wisdom,
Yet ignorance of Self shall bow down the spirit of a Solomon to idols;

rm of temptation, sweeping by, shall snap that oak
a reed,
proud luxuriance of its tufted crown drag it the
ier to the dust.

Prov. Phil. i. *Self-Acquaintance.*

SENSIBILITY TO ETERNAL THINGS.

terrible realities whereto we tend, are hidden from
eyes,
w but heed them not, and walk as if the temporal
s all things.
buzzing on the ear, fill its drowsy chambers,
dread those coming fears, the thunder and the
npet;
reaming on the sight, dim our purblind eyes,
see the ponderous orb of nearing Immortality:
l in by hostile foes, the trifler is busied on an
ram;
l ox, driven to slaughter, careth but for pasture by
way.

Prov. Phil. ii. *Immortality.*

INVENTION NOT CREATION.

pake Wisdom, There is nothing new under the sun:
arrange and combine the ancient elements of all
ngs.
n is activity of mind, as fire is air in motion.
ening of the spiritual sight, to discern hidden apti-
s:

From the basket and acanthus is modelled the graceful capital:
The shadowed profile on the wall helpeth the limner to his likeness:
The footmarks stamped in clay, lead on the thoughts to printing;
The strange skin garments cast upon the shore suggest another hemisphere:
A falling apple taught the sage pervading gravitation;
The Huron is certain of his prey, from tracks upon the grass;
And shrewdness, guessing on the hint, followeth on the trail:
But the hint must be given, the trail must be there, or the keenest sight is as blindness.

* * * * * *

We learn upon a hint, we find upon a clue,
We yield a hundred fold; but the great sower is Analogy.
There must be an acrid sloe before a luscious peach,
A boll of rotting flax before the bridal veil,
An egg before an eagle, a thought before a thing,
A spark struck into tinder, to light the lamp of knowledge,
A slight suggestive nod to guide the watching mind,
A half-seen hand upon the wall, pointing to the balance of Comparison,
By culture man may do all things, short of the miracle,—Creation;
Here is the limit of thy power,—here let thy pride be stayed:
The soil may be rich, and the mind may be active, but neither yield unsown;
The eye cannot make light, nor the mind make spirit:
Therefore it is wise in man to name all novelty invention;
For it is to find out things that are, not to create the unexisting:
It is to cling to contiguities, to be keen in catching likeness,
And with energetic elasticity to leap the gulfs of contrast.

The globe knoweth not increase, either of matter or spirit:
Atoms and thoughts are used again, mixing in varied combinations;
And though, by moulding them anew, thou makest them thine own,
Yet have they served thousands, and all their merit is of God.

Prov. Phil. i. *Invention.*

JOY IN SORROW.

EMILY had taken up the note with fears and trembling: she laid it down, as they that reap in joy; and I never in my life saw any thing so beautiful as her eyes at that glad minute; the smile through the tear, the light through the gloom, the verdure of high summer springing through the Alpine snows, the mild and lustrous moon emerging from a baffled thunder cloud.

Twins.

JUST BEFORE GENEROUS.

GIVE, saith the preacher, be large in liberality, yield to the holy impulse,
Tarry not for cold consideration, but cheerfully and freely scatter,
So, for complacency of conscience, in a gush of counterfeited charity,
He that hath not wherewith to be just, selfishly presumeth to be generous.
The debtor, and the rich by wrong, are known among the band of the benevolent;
And men extol the noble hearts, who rob that they may give.

Prov. Phil. ii. *Gifts.*

KINGDOM OF THE MIND.

* * * * * *

O THOUGHTS, — how ill my fellow-men,
O thoughts, — how scantly my poor pen
Can guess or tell the myriad host
Wherewith you crowd my kingdom's coast!
For I am hem'd and throng'd about
With your triumphant rabble-rout,
Hurried along by that mad flood,
The joy-excited multitude;
A conqueror, borne upon the foam,
Of his great people's gladness home,
A monarch in his grandest state,
On whom a thousand thousand wait!
Lo! they come — my Tribes of Thought,
Fierce and flush'd and fever-fraught!
From the horizon all around
I hear with pride their coming sound;
See! their banners circling near, —
Glittering groves of shield and spear,
Flying clouds of troopers gay,
Serried lines in dark array,
Veterans calm with temper'd sword,
And a dishevelled frantic horde, —
On they come with furious force,
Tramping foot and thundering horse,
On they come, converging loud,
With clanging arms, a glorious crowd
Shouting impatient, fierce and free,
For me, their Monarch, yea, for me!

Then, in my majesty and power,
I quell the madness of the hour,

Bid that tumultuous turmoil cease,
And frown my multitudes to peace.
Each to his peril and his post!
All hush'd throughout my mighty host:
Courage clear, and duty stern, —
Heads that freeze and hearts that burn;
Marshalled straight in order due,
Legions! pass in swift review,
Bending to my blazoned Will,
Loyal to that standard still,
And hailing one with homage then,
King of thoughts — and thus, of Men!
* * * * * *

Thousand Lines.

LABOR.

GAIN, but by its price; labor, for the poor man's meal,
times heart-sickening toil, to win him a morsel for his hunger:
bor, for the chapman at his trade, a dull unvaried round,
ar after year, unto death; yea, what a weariness is it!
bor, for the pale-faced scribe, drudging at his hated desk,
ho bartereth for needful pittance the untold gold of health;
bor, with fear, for the merchant, whose hopes are ventured on the sea;
bor, with care, for the man of law, responsible in his gains;
bor, with envy and annoyance, where strangers will thee wealth;
bor, with indolence and gloom, where wealth falleth from a father;
bor unto all, whether aching thews, or aching head, or spirit, —

The curse on the sons of men, in all their states, is labor.
Nevertheless, to the diligent, labor bringeth blessing:
The thought of duty sweeteneth toil, and travail is as pleasure;
And time spent in doing hath a comfort that is not for the idle,
The hardship is transmuted into joy, by the dear alchemy of Mercy.
Labor is good for a man, bracing up his energies to conquest,
And without it life is dull, the man perceiving himself useless:
For wearily the body groaneth, like a door on rusty hinges,
And the grasp of the mind is weakened, as the talons of a caged vulture.

Prov. Phil. i. *Wealth.*

LANDSCAPE.

Next day, a fine summer afternoon, when our feeble convalescents had gone out together, they found the fresh air so invigorating, and themselves so much stronger, that they prolonged their walk half way to Oxton. The pasture-meadows, rich and rank, were alive with flocks and herds; the blue sea lazily beat time, as, ticking out the seconds, it melodiously broke upon the sleeping shore; the darkly flowing Mullet swept sounding to the sea between its tortuous banks; and upon that old high foot-path skirting the stream now shady with hazels, and now flowery with meadow-sweet, crept our chastened pair.

Twins.

LAPSE AND RESTORATION.

Somewhiles have I watched a man exchanging the sobriety of faith,
Old lamps for new, — even for fanatical excitements.
He gained surface, but lost solidity; heat, in lieu of health;
And still with swelling words and thoughts he scorned his ancient coldness:
But, his strength was shorn as Samson's; he walked he knew not whither;
Doubt was on his daily path; and duties showed not certain.
Until, in an hour of enthusiasm, stung with secret fears,
He pinned the safety of his soul on some false prophet's sleeve.
And then, that sure word failed; and with it, failed his faith;
It failed, and fell; O deep and dreadful was his fall in faith.
He could not stop, with reason's rein, his coursers on the slope,
And so they dashed him down the cliff of hardened unbelief.
With overreaching grasp he had strained for visionary treasures,
But a fiend had cheated his presumption, and hurled him to despair.
So he lay in his blood, the victim of a credulous false faith,
And many nights, and night-like days, he dwelt in outer darkness;
But, within a while, his variable mind caught a new impression,
A new impression of the good old stamp, that sealed him when a child:
He was softened, and abjured his infidelity; he was wiser and despised his credulity;

And turned again to simple faith more simply than before.
Experience had declared too well his mind was built of water,
And so renouncing strength in self, he fixed his faith in God.

Prov. Phil. ii. *Faith.*

LATENT BEAUTY.

Beauty is as crystal in the torchlight, sparkling on the poet's page;
Virgin honey of Hymettus, distilled from the lips of the orator;
A savor of sweet spikenard, anointing the hands of liberality;
A feast of angels' food set upon the tables of religion.
She is seen in the tear of sorrow, and heard in the exuberance of mirth.
She goeth out early with the huntsman, and watcheth at the pillow of disease.
Science in his secret laws hath found out latent beauty,
Sphere and square, and cone and curve, are fashioned by her rules:
Mechanism met her in his forces, fancy caught her in its flittings,
Day is lightened by her eyes, and her eyelids close upon the night.

Prov. Phil. ii. *Beauty.*

LIFE A DREAM.

At night, after weariness and watching, the body sinketh into sleep,
But the mental eye is awake, and thou reasonest in thy dreams:
In a dream thou mayst live a lifetime, and all be forgotten in the morning:
Even such is life, and so soon perisheth its memory.

Prov. Phil. i. *Thinking.*

LIFE AND DEATH OF CHRIST.

Surrounded by his pupils, the great heathen Reasoner was being questioned and answering questions: in particular respecting the probability that the universal God would be revealed to his creatures. "What a glorious King would he appear," — said one, possibly the brilliant Alcibiades: "What a form of surpassing beauty," — said another, not unlikely the softer Crito. "Not so, my children," answered Socrates. "Kings and the beautiful are few, and the God, if he came on earth as an exemplar, would in shape and station be like the greater number." "Indeed, Master? then how should he fail of being made a King of men, for his goodness, and his majesty, and wisdom?" "Alas! my children," was pure Reason's just rejoinder (*oi pleiones kakoi*), "most men are so wicked that they would hate his purity, despise his wisdom, and as for his majesty, they could not truly see it. They might indeed admire for a time, but thereafter (if the God allowed it), they would even hunt and persecute and kill him." "Kill him!" exclaimed the eager group of listeners;

"kill him? how should they, how could they, how dare they kill God?" "I did not say, kill God," would have been wise Socrates's reply, "for God existeth ever: but men in enmity and envy might even be allowed to kill the human form wherein God walked for an ensample. That they could, were God's humility: that they should, were their own malice: that they dared, were their own grievous sin and peril of destruction. Yea," went on the keen-eyed Sage, "men would slay him by some disgraceful death, some lingering, open, and cruel death, even such as the death of slaves!"—Now slaves, when convicted of capital crime, were always crucified.

Whatever be thought of the genuineness of the anecdote, its uses are the same to us. Reason might have arrived at the salient points of Christ's career, and at his crucifixion!

Probabilities, &c.

LIFE A STAIR-CASE.

A MAN's life is a tower, with a staircase of many steps,
That, as he toileth upward, crumbles successively behind him:
No going back, the past is an abyss; no stopping, for the present perisheth;
But ever hasting on, precarious on the foothold of To-day.
Our cares are all To-day; our joys are all To-day;
And in one little word, our life, what is it, but—To-day?

Prov. Phil. ii. *To-day.*

LOOK OUTWARD FOR HUMILITY.

PRIDE is a double traitor, and betrayeth itself to entrap thee,
Making thee vain of thy self-knowledge; proud of thy discoveries of pride.
Fruitlessly thou strainest for humility, by darkly diving into self:
Rather look away from innate evil, and gaze upon extraneous good:
For in sounding the deep things of the heart, thou shalt learn to be vain of its capacities,
But in viewing the heights above thee, thou shalt be taught thy littleness:
Could an emmet pry into itself, it might marvel at its own anatomy,
But let it look on eagles, to discern how mean a thing it is.

Prov. Phil. i. *Pride.*

LOVE.

THERE is a fragrant blossom, that maketh glad the garden of the heart:
Its root lieth deep; it is delicate, yet lasting, as the lilac crocus of autumn.
Loneliness and thought are the dews that water it morn and even;
Memory and Absence cherish it, as the balmy breathings of the south:
Its sun is the brightness of affection, and it bloometh in the borders of Hope;
Its companions are gentle flowers, and the briar withereth by its side.
I saw it budding in beauty; I felt the magic of its smile;

The violet rejoiced beneath it, the rose stooped down and kissed it;
And I thought some cherub had planted there a truant flower of Eden,
As a bird bringeth foreign seeds, that they may flourish in a kindly soil.
I saw and asked not its name; I knew no language was so wealthy,
Though every heart of every clime findeth its echo within.
And yet what shall I say? Is a sordid man capable of — Love?
Hath a seducer known it? Can an adulterer perceive it?
Or he that seeketh strange women, can he feel its purity?
Or he that changeth often, can he know its truth?
Longing for another's happiness, yet often destroying its own;
Chaste, and looking up to God, as the fountain of tenderness and joy;
Quiet, yet flowing deep, as the Rhine among rivers;
Lasting, and knowing not change — it walketh with Truth and Sincerity.

Love: — what a volume in a word, an ocean in a tear,
A seventh heaven in a glance, a whirlwind in a sigh,
The lightning in a touch, a millenium in a moment,
What concentrated joy or woe in blest or blighted love!
For it is that native poetry springing up indigenous to Mind,
The heart's own country music thrilling all its chords,
The story without an end that angels throng to hear,
The word, the king of words, carved on Jehovah's heart!
Oh! call thou snake-eyed malice mercy, call envy honest praise,
Count selfish craft for wisdom, and coward treachery for prudence,
Do homage to blaspheming unbelief as to bold and free philosophy,

And estimate the recklessness of license as the right attribute of liberty, —
But with the world, thou friend and scholar, stain not this pure name;
Nor suffer the majesty of Love to be likened to the meanness of desire:
For Love is no more such, than seraphs' hymns are discord,
And such is no more Love, than Ætna's breath is summer.

Love is a sweet idolatry, enslaving all the soul,
A mighty spiritual force, warring with the dulness of matter,
An angel-mind breathed into a mortal, though fallen yet how beautiful
All the devotion of the heart in all its depth and grandeur.
Behold that pale geranium, pent within the cottage window;
How yearningly it stretcheth to the light its sickly long-stalked leaves,
How it straineth upward to the sun, coveting his sweet influences,
How real a living sacrifice to the god of all its worship!
Such is the soul that loveth; and so the rose-tree of affection
Bendeth its every leaf to look on those dear eyes,
Its every blushing petal basketh in their light,
And all its gladness, all its life, is hanging on their love.

If the love of the heart is blighted, it buddeth not again;
If that pleasant song is forgotten, it is to be learnt no more:
Yet often will thought look back, and weep over early affection;
And the dim notes of that pleasant song will be heard as a reproachful spirit,
Moaning in Æolian strains over the desert of the heart,
Where the hot siroccos of the world have withered its one oasis.

Prov. Phil. i. *Love.*

LOVE, GOD'S WEAPON.

For love is the weapon which Omnipotence reserved to conquer rebel man, when all the rest had failed. Reason he parries; Fear he answers blow to blow; future Interest he meets with present pleasure: but Love, that sun against whose melting beams the Winter cannot stand, that soft-subduing slumber which wrestles down the Giant, there is not one human creature in a million, not a thousand men in all earth's huge quintillion whose clay-heart is hardened against Love.

Twins.

LOVERS IN AFFLICTION.

Dear children of affection, — it is a dreadful lesson this for both of you; but most wise, most needful, — or the hand that guideth all things, never would have sent it. Know ye not for comfort, that ye are of those, to whom all things work together for good? Know ye not for counsel, that the excess of love is an idolatry, that must be blighted? It is well, children, it is well, that ye should thus carry your wounded hearts for balm to the altar of God; it is well that ye should bow in meekness to his will; in readiness to his wisdom. Ye are learning the lesson speedily, as docile children should; and be assured of high reward from the Teacher who hath set it to you. Poor Charles! white and wan, thy cheek is grown transparent with anxiety, and thy blue eye dim with hope deferred: poor Emily, sick and weak, thou weariest heaven with thy prayers, and waterest thy couch with thy tears. Yet, a little while, this discipline

is good: storm and wind, frost and rushing rains, are as needful to the forest-tree as sun and gentle shower: the root is strengthening, and its fibres spreading out: and loving still each other with the best of human love, ye justly now have found out how to anchor all your strongest hopes, and deepest thoughts, on Him who made you for himself. Who knoweth? wisely acquiescing in his will, humbly trusting to his mercy, and bringing the holocaust of your inflamed affections as an offering of duty to your God, — who knoweth? Can He not interpose? will He not befriend you? for his arm is Power, and his heart is Love.

Twins.

LOVERS' MEETING.

Oh, the rapture of that instant! it can happen but once within a life. Ye that have loved, remember such a meeting; and ye that never loved, conceive it if you can; for my pen hath little skill to paint so bright a pleasure. It is to be all heart, all pulse, all sympathy, all spirit, — but the warm soft kiss, that rarified bloom of the Maternal.

Twins.

MAN, A CRUEL MASTER.

The dog, thy humble friend, thy trusting, honest friend;
The ass, thine uncomplaining slave, drudging from morn to even;
The lamb, and the timorous hare, and the laboring ox at plough;

The speckled trout, basking in the shallow, and the partridge, gleaning in the stubble,
And the stag at bay, and the worm in thy path, and the wild bird pining in captivity,
And all things that minister alike to thy life and thy comfort and thy pride,
Testify with one sad voice that man is a cruel master.

Prov. Phil. i. *Cruelty to Animals.*

MAMMON APOSTROPHIZED.

O GOLD, accursed Mammon! is this the state of those who love thee deepest? is this their joy, who desire thee with all their heart and soul, who serve thee with all their might, who toil for thee, plot for thee, live for thee, dare for thee, die for thee? Hast thou no better bliss to give thy martyrs, no choicer comfort for thy most consistent worshippers, no fairer fate for those, whose waking thoughts, and dreaming hopes, and intricate schemes, and desperate deeds, were only aimed at gold, more gold? — god of this world, if such be thy rewards, — let me ever escape them! idol of the knave, false deity of the fool, if this be thy blessing on thy votaries, — come, curse me, Mammon, curse thou me!

Crock of Gold.

MAN ALONE DISORDERED.

REGARD now the universe of matter, the substance of visi creation,
Which of old, with well-observing truth, the Greek hath named ORDER: *

* *Kosmos*, The universe; order.

Where is there an atom out of place? or a particle that yieldeth not obedience?
Where is there a fragment that is free; or one thing the equal of another?
The chain is unbroken down to man, and beyond him the links are perfect:
But he standeth solitary sin, a marvel of permitted chaos.

Prov. Phil. i. *Subjection.*

MAN MASTER OF INFLUENCES.

To this man temptation is a poison, to that man it addeth vigor;
And each may render to himself influences good or evil.
As thou directest the power, harm or advantage will follow,
And the torrent that swept the valley, may be led to turn a mill;
The wild electric flash, that could have kindled comets,
May by the ductile wire give ease to an ailing child.
For outward matter or event, fashion not the character within,
But each man, yielding or resisting, fashioneth his mind for himself.

Prov. Phil. i. *Indirect Influences.*

MATERIALISM.

Or shalt thou say that mind is the delicate offspring of matter,
The bright consummate flower that must perish with its leaf?
Go to: doth weight breed lightness? is freedom the atmosphere of prisons?

When did the body elevate, expand, and bud the mind?
Lo, a red-hot cinder flung from the furnaces of Ætna, —
There is fire in that ash; but did the pumice make it?
Nay, cold clod, never canst thou generate a flame,
Nay, most exquisite machinery, nevermore elaborate a mind;
Rather do ye battle and contend, opposite the one to the other;
Till God shall stop the strife, and call the body colleague.

Prov. Phil. ii. *Immortality.*

MATRIMONY.

O HAPPY lot, and hallowed, even as the joy of angels,
Where the golden chain of godliness is entwined with the roses of love:
Hath she learning? it is good, so that modesty go with it:
Hath she wisdom? it is precious, but beware that thou exceed;
For woman must be subject, and the true mastery is of the mind.
Be joined to thine equal in rank, or the foot of pride will kick at thee;
And look not only for riches, lest thou be mated with misery:

* * * * * *

Let no one have thy confidence, O wife, saving thine husband:
Have not a friend more intimate, O husband, than thy wife.

Prov. Phil. i. *Matrimony.*

MEMORY.

MEMORY, the daughter of Attention, is the teeming mother of Wisdom.

Prov. Phil. i. *Thinking.*

MEMORY OF THE AGED.

AN avenue seemeth to lengthen in the eyes of the wayfaring man,
But let him turn, those stationed elms crowd up within a yard;
Pace the lamp-lit streets of some sleeping city,
The multitude of cressets shall seem one, in the false picture of perspective;
Even so, in sweet treachery, dealeth the aged with himself,
He gazeth on the green hill-tops, while the marshes beneath are hidden,
And the partial telescope of memory pierceth the blank between,
To look with lingering love at the fair star of childhood.

Prov. Phil. i. *Memory.*

MEN LIVE AGAIN IN THEIR CHILDREN.

A MAN looketh on his little one, as a being of better hope;
In himself ambition is dead, but it hath a resurrection in his son;
That vein is yet untried,—and who can tell if it be not golden?

While his, well-nigh worked out, never yielded aught but lead:
And thus is he hurt more sorely, if his wishes are defeated there;
He has staked his all upon a throw, and lo! the dice have foiled him.

Prov. Phil. i. *Education.*

MEN SLOW TO LEARN FROM OTHERS' EXPERIENCE.

A THOUSAND volumes in a thousand tongues, enshrine the lessons of Experience,
Yet a man shall read them all, and go forth none the wiser:
For self-love lendeth him a glass, to color all he conneth,
Lest in the features of another he find his own complexion.

Prov. Phil. i. *Experience.*

MIND AND BODY.

THE mind fashioneth a tabernacle suitable for itself.
A mean spirit boweth down the back, and the bowing fostereth meanness;
A resolute purpose knitteth the knees, and the firm tread nourisheth decision;
Love looketh softly from the eye, and kindleth love by looking;
Hate furroweth the brow, and a man may frown till he hateth:

For mind and body, spirit and matter, have reciprocities of power,
And each keepeth up the strife; a man's works make or mar him.

Prov. Phil. i. *Estimating Character.*

MOON, PLACE OF FUTURE PUNISHMENT.

At the birth of this same world, there was struck off from its burning mass at a tangent, a mournful satellite, to be the home of its immortal evil; the convict shore for exiled sin and misery: a satellite of strange differences, as guessed by Virgil in his musings upon Tartarus: where half the orb is, from natural necessities, blistered up by constant heats, the other half frozen by perennial cold. A land of caverns, and volcanoes, miles deep, miles high: with no water, no perceptible air: imagine such a dreadful world, with neither air nor water! Incapable of feeding life like ours, but competent to be a place where undying wretchedness may struggle forever. A melancholy orb, the queen of night, chief nucleus of all the dark idolatries of earth, — the Moon, Isis, Hecate, Ashtaroth, Diana of the Ephesians!

This expression of a thought by no means improbable gives an easy chance to shallow punsters: but ridicule is no weapon against reason. Why should not the case be so? Why should not Earth's own satellite, void, as yet, be on the resurrection of all flesh, the raft whereon to float away Earth's evil? Read of it astronomically; think of it as connected with idols; regard it as the ruler of earth's night; consider that the place of a Gehenna must be somewhere; and what is there in my fancy quite improbable? I do not dogmatize as that the fact is so, but only suggest a definite place at least as

likely as any other hitherto suggested. Think
melancholy eye looks down on deeds of darkn
midnight crimes, murders, thefts, adulteries,
that would have shrunk into nonentity fro
day, have paled the conscious Moon! Add
the only world, besides our own, whereof a
tell us: It is fallen.

Pr

I KNOW thee not, O moon, — thou cavern
Sad satellite, a giant ash of death,
Where cold, alternate, and the sulphur
Of ravaging volcanoes, overwhelm
All chance of life like ours, — art thou n
Some fallow world, after a reaping tim
Of creatures' judgment, resting in thy lot
Or haplier must I take thee for the blot
On God's fair firmament, the home of c
The prison-house of sin, where damned s
Feed upon punishment? — O thought s
That, amid Night's black deeds, when evi
Through the broad world, then, watching
Glares over all the wakeful eye of — Hell!

The

MORAL BEAUTY.

AND there is a beauty for the spirit; mind
flowering,
Fragrant, expanded into soul, full of love and
Go to some squalid couch, some famishing d
poor;

He is shrunken, cadaverous, diseased; — there is here no beauty of the body.
Never hath he fed on knowledge, nor drank at the streams of science,
He is of the common herd, illiterate; — there is here no beauty of the reason:
But lo! his filming eye is bright with love from heaven,
In every look it beameth praise, as worshipping with seraphs;
What honeycomb is hived upon his lips, eloquent of gratitude and prayer, —
What triumph shrined serene upon that clammy brow,
What glory flickering transparent under those thin cheeks, —
What beauty in his face! — Is it not the face of an angel?

Prov. Phil. ii. *Beauty.*

MORNING — MURDERER.

Day dawned apace; and a glorious cavalcade of flaming clouds heralded the Sun their captain. From far away, round half the wide horizon, their glittering spears advanced. Heaven's highway rang with the trampling of their horse-hoofs, and the dust went up from its jewelled pavement as spray from the bottom of a cataract. Anon, he came, the chieftain of that on-spurring host! his banner blazed upon the sky; his golden crest was seen beneath nodding with its ruddy plumes; over the southeastern hills he arose in radiant armor. Fair Nature, waking at her bridegroom's voice, arrived so early from a distant clime, smiled upon him sleepily, gladdening him in beauty with her sweet half-opened eyelids, and kissing him in faithfulness with dew-besprinkled lips.

And he looked forth upon the world from his h holding back the coursers that must mount tl noon : and he heard the morning hymn of thar Heaven from the mountains, and the valleys, and of the sea ; the prayer of man and woman, th lisping tongues, the hum of insect joy upon t sheep-bell tinkling in the distance, the wild bird' the lowing kine, the mute minstrelsy of rising dev stilly scarce-heard universal melody of wakeful trees, hastening to turn their spring-buds to the l was the anthem he, the Lord of Day, now this was the song his influences had raised to bl who made him.

And he saw, from his bright throne of wid glory, Hope flying forth upon her morning missic the lonesome, comforting the sorrowful, speaking to Care, and singing in the ear of Labor ; and he w ever-welcome friend, flitting with the gleams of lig home, to every heart ; none, but gladly let her i ping finger opened the very prison doors ; the hea Sloth rejoiced to hear her call ; and every com every common Sin, aye every common Crime, unconscious soul before her winning beauty.

Yet, yet was there one, who cursed that angel and the holy Eye of day wept pityingly to see an of man who dared not look on Hope.

The murderer stood beside his casement, wat tranquil scene ; with bloodshot eyes and haggar gazed upon the waking world ; for one strange forgot, entranced by innocence and beauty ; but stunning tide of memory, that had ebbed that c minute, rolled back its mighty flood upon his murderer swooned away.

Crock

MYSTERY OF GODLINESS.

THERE is only one great secret; but that one hideth everywhere;
How should the infinite be understood in Time, when it stretcheth on ungrasped forever;
Can a halting Œdipus of earth guess that enigma of the universe?
Not one: the sword of faith must cut the Gordian knot of Nature.

Prov. Phil. ii. *Mystery.*

NAPLES.

NAPLES sitteth by the sea, keystone of an arch of azure,
Crowned by consenting nations peerless queen of gaiety:
She laugheth at the wrath of Ocean, she mocketh the fury of Vesuvius,
She spurneth disease and misery and famine, that crowd her sunny streets:
The giddy dance, the merry song, the festal glad procession,
The noonday slumber and the midnight serenade, — all these make up her life:
Her Life? — and what her Death? — look we to the end of life, —
Solon, and Tellus the Athenian, wisely have ye pointed to the grave.
For behold yon dreary precinct, — those hundreds of stone wells, — *

* See Willis's *Pencillings by the Way*, vol. i. p. 115.

A pit for a day, a pit for a day, — a pit to be sealed for a year:
And in the gloom of night, they raise the year-closed lid, —
Look in, — for gnawing lime hath half consumed the carcases;
Thus, they hurl the daily dead into that horrible pit,
The dead that only died this day, — as unconsidered offal!
There, a stark white heap, unwept, unloved, uncared for,
Old men and maidens, young men and infants, mingle in hideous corruption:
Fling in the gnawing lime, — seal up the channel for a year;
For lo, a morrow's dawn hath tinged the mountain summit.
O fair false city, thou gay and gilded harlot,
Woe, for thy wanton heart, woe, for thy wicked hardness:
Woe unto thee, that, the lightsomeness of Life, beneath Italian suns,
Should meet the solemnity of Death, in a sepulchre so foul and fearful.

Prov. Phil ii. *Death.*

NATIVE DEPRAVITY.

But with all thy care for thy son, with all thy strivings for his welfare,
Expect disappointment, and look for pain: for he is of an evil stock, and will grieve thee.

Prov. Phil. i. *Education.*

NATURE.

I STRAYED at evening to a sylvan scene
Dimpling with nature's smile the stern old mountain,
A shady dingle, quiet, cool, and green,
Where the moss'd rock poured forth its natural fountain,
And hazels clustered there, with fern between
And feathery meadow-sweet shed perfume round,
And the pink crocus pierced the jewelled ground;
Then was I calm and happy; for the voice
Of nightingales unseen, in tremulous lays,
Taught me with innocent gladness to rejoice,
And tuned my spirit to unformal praise:
So, among silvered moths, and closing flowers,
Gambolling hares, and rooks returning home,
And strong-winged chafers setting out to roam,
In careless peace I passed the soothing hours.

Geraldine, &c.

NATURE is the chart of God, mapping out all his attributes.

Prov. Phil. i. *Thinking.*

IT is pleasant to note all plants, from the rush to the spreading cedar,
From the giant king of palms,* to the lichen that staineth its stem:

* The Talipat palms, more than one hundred feet in height, with leaves each thirty feet broad.

To watch the workings of instinct, that grosser reason of brutes, —
The river-horse browsing in the jungle, the plover screaming on the moor,
The cayman, basking on a mud-bank, and the walrus anchored to an ice-berg,
The dog at his master's feet, and the milk-kine lowing in the meadow:
To trace the consummate skill that hath modelled the anatomy of insects,
Small fowls that sun their wings on the petals of wild flowers;
To learn a use in the beetle, and more than a beauty in the butterfly;
To recognise affection in a moth, and look with admiration on a spider.
It is glorious to gaze upon the firmament, and see from far the mansions of the blest.
Each distant shining world, a kingdom for one of the redeemed;
To read the antique history of earth, stamped upon those medals in the rocks,
Which Design hath rescued from decay, to tell of the green infancy of time;
To gather from the unconsidered shingle mottled starlike agates,
Full of unstoried flowers in the bubbling bloom-chalcedony:
Or gay and curious shells, fretted with microscopic carving,
Corallines, and fresh seaweeds, spreading forth their delicate branches.

Prov. Phil. i. *Recreation.*

NATURE'S NOBLEMAN.

AWAY with false fashion, so calm and so chill,
  When pleasure itself cannot please;
Away with cold breeding, that faithlessly still
  Affects to be quite at its ease:
For the deepest in feeling is highest in rank,
  The freest is first in the band,
And nature's own Nobleman, friendly and frank,
  Is a man with his heart in his hand!

Fearless in honesty, gentle, yet just,
  He warmly can love,—and can hate,
Nor will he bow down with his face in the dust
  To Fashion's intolerant state:
For best in good breeding, and highest in rank,
  Though lowly or poor in the land,
Is nature's own Nobleman, friendly and frank,
  The man with his heart in his hand!

His fashion is passion, sincere and intense,
  His impulses, simple and true,
Yet tempered by judgment, and taught by good sense,
  And cordial with me, and with you:
For the finest in manners, as highest in rank,
  It is *you* man! or *you* man! who stand
Nature's own Nobleman, friendly and frank,
  A man with his heart in his hand.

Thousand Lines.

NECROMANCY.

He is a bold bad man who dareth to tamper with the dead;
For their whereabout lieth in a mystery — that vestibule leading to Eternity,
The waiting-room for unclad ghosts, before the presence-chamber of their King.

Prov. Phil. i. *Truth in Things False.*

NO PITY IN HEAVEN FOR THE CRUEL.

The Angel of Mercy stoppeth not to comfort, but passeth by on the other side,
And hath no tear to shed when a cruel man is damned.

Prov. Phil. i. *Cruelty, &c.*

Heap on, — heap on, fresh torments add —
New schemes of torture plan,
No Mercy: Mercy's self is glad
To damn the cruel man.

Geraldine, &c.

NO REST IN LIFE.

Unto this world's pilgrim no rest for the sole of his foot.
Ever, from stage to stage, he travelleth wearily forward.
And though he pluck flowers by the way, he may no among the flowers.

Prov. Phil. i.

NOW.

Now, is the constant syllable ticking from the clock of time,
Now, is the watchword of the wise. Now, is on the banner of the prudent.

Prov. Phil. ii. *To-day.*

OAK.

An oak, the monarch of thine island forests,
Whose deep-dug roots are twisted around the stout ribs of the globe,
That mocketh at the fury of the storm, and rejoiceth in summer sunshine,
Glad in the smiles of heaven, and great in the stability of earth.

Prov. Phil. i. *Subjection.*

OBSTINACY BETTER THAN WEAKNESS.

Better is an obstinate disputant that yieldeth inch by inch,
Than the shallow traitor to himself, who surrendereth to half an argument

Prov. Phil. i. *Humility.*

OLD AGE OF PROFLIGACY.

I TURNED aside to weep; I lost him a little while:
I looked, and years had past: he was hoar with the winter of his age:
And what was now his hope? where was the balm for his sadness?
The memory of the past was guilt: the feeling of the present, remorse.
Then he set his affections on gold, he worshipped the shrine of Mammon,
And to lay richer gifts before his idol, he starved his own bowels;
So, the youth spent in profligacy ended in the gripings of want:
The miser grudged himself husks, to take deeper vengeance of the prodigal.
And I said, this is sorrow; but pity cannot reach it.
This is to be wretched indeed, to be guilty without repentance.

Prov. Phil. i. *Sorrow.*

OPENING SCENE OF THE BOOK OF JOB.

THE opening scene to the book of Job has vexed the faith of many very needlessly: to my mind nothing was more likely to have literally and really happened. It is one of those few places where we get an insight into what is going on Elsewhere: it is a lifting off the curtain of eternity for once, revealing the magnificent simplicities constantly presented in the halls of heaven.

Probabilities, &c.

OPENNESS.

The silent tongue have I condemned, because reserve hath chained it,
That it hid, yea from a brother, the kindness it had done by comforting.
No need to sound a trumpet, but less to hush a footfall:
Do thou thy good openly, not as though the doing were a crime.
Secrecy goeth cowled, and Honesty demandeth wherefore?
For he judgeth, — judgeth he not well? — that nothing need be hid but guilt.

Prov. Phil. i. *Speaking.*

ORATORIOS.

It is a fact, that very many good men, who delight in Handel's melody, and of course cannot object to psalms and anthems, entertain conscientious objections to hearing the Bible set to music in a concert-room; and sure may we all be, that, unless the whole thing be regarded as a religious service (in a mixed gay company who think of sound more than sense, not very easy), the warbling of sacred phrases, and variations on the summoning trumpet, and imitated angelic praise, and the unfelt expressions of musical repentance, and unfearing despondency of guilt in recitative, are any thing but congenial to a mind properly attuned.

Author's Mind.

ORNAMENTED CEMETERIES.

PLANT it with laurels, sprinkle it with lilies, set it upon yonder dewy hill
Midst holy prayers, and generous grief, and consecrating blessings;
Let Sophocles sleep among his ivy green perennial garlands,
Let olives shade their Virgil, and roses bloom above Corinne;
To his foster-mother, Ocean, entrust the mariner in hope,
The warrior's spirit, let it rise on high, from the flaming fragrant pyre.
But heap not coffins and corruption to infect the mass of living,
Nor steal from odious realities the charitable poetry of Death:
It is wise to guild uncomeliness, it is wise to mask necessity,
It is wise from cheerful sights and sounds to draw their gentle uses;
Hide the facts, the bitter facts, the foul and fearful facts,
Tend the body well in hope, this were praise and wisdom.
But to plunge in gloom the parting soul, that hath loved its clay tenement so long,
This were vanity and folly, the counsel of moroseness and despair.
Not thus, the Scythian of old time welcomed Death with songs;
Not thus, the shrewd Egyptian decorated Death with braveries;
Not thus on his funeral tower sleepeth the sun-worshipping Parsee;
Not thus the Moslem saint lieth in his arabesque mausoleum;
Not thus, the wild red Indian, hunter of the far Missouri,
In flowering trees hath nested up his forest-loving ancestry; *

* CATLIN, in his work on the North American tribes, says that the Owahas deposit their dead, enveloped in skins, in the crotches and on the branches of trees.

Not thus, the Switzer mountaineer scattereth ribboned garlands
About the rustic cross that halloweth the bed of his beloved;
Not thus, the village maiden wisheth she may die in Spring,
With store of violets and cowslips to be sprinkled on her snow-white shroud;
Not thus, the dying poet asketh a cheerful grave, —
Lay him in the sunshine, friends, nor sorrow that a Christian hath departed!

Prov. Phil. ii. *Death.*

PAST, AN AVENGER.

YEA, —for standing unatoned, the soul is a bison on the prairie,
Hunted by those trooping wolves, the many sinful yesterdays:
And it speedeth a terrified Deucalion, flinging back the pebble in his flight,
The pebble that must add one more to those pursuing ghosts: *
O man, there is a storm behind, should drive thy bark to haven;
The foe, the foe is on thy track, patient, certain, and avenging;
Day by day, solemnly and silently, followeth the fearful past;
His step is lame but sure; for he catcheth the present in eternity:
There is the Sanctuary-city, mocking at the wrath of thine Avenger;
Close at hand, with its wicket on the latch; haste for thy life, poor hunted one!
The gladiator, Guilt, fighteth as of old, armed with net and dagger;

* *Ovid, Met.* lib. i.

Snaring in the mesh of yesterdays, stabbing with the poniard
of to-day:
Fly, thy sword is broken at the hilt; fly, thy shield is shivered,
Leap the barriers and baffle him: the arena of the past is his.
The bounds of Guilt are the cycles of Time; thou must be
safe within Eternity;
The arms of God alone shall rescue thee from Yesterday.

Prov. Phil. ii. *Yesterday.*

PATH OF LIFE.

Life is a strange avenue of various trees and flowers;
Lightsome at commencement, but darkening to its end in a
distant massy portal.
It beginneth as a little path, edged with the violet and prim-
rose,
A little path of lawny grass, and soft to tiny feet:
Soon, spring thistles in the way, those early griefs of school,
And fruit-trees ranged on either hand show holiday delights:
Anon, the rose and the mimosa hint at sensitive affection,
And vipers hide among the grass, and briars are woven in the
hedges:
Shortly, staked along in order, stand the slender saplings,
While hollow hemlock and tall ferns fill the frequent interval:
So advancing, quaintly mixed, majestic line the way
Sturdy oaks, and vigorous elms, the beech and forest-pine:
And here the road is rough with rocks, wide, and scant of
herbage,
The sun is hot in heaven, and the ground is cleft and parched:
And many-times a hollow-trunk, decayed or lightning scathed
Or in its deadly solitude, the melancholy upas:
But soon, with closer ranks, are set the sentinel trees,

And darker shadows hover amongst Autumn's mellow tints;
Ever and anon, a holly, — junipers, and cypresses, and yews;
The soil is damp; the air is chill; night cometh on apace:
Speed to the portal, traveller, — lo, there is a moon,
With smiling light to guide thee safely through the dreadful shade.
Hark, — that hollow knock, — behold, the warder openeth,
The gate is gaping, and for thee; — those are the jaws of Death!

Prov. Phil. ii. *Life.*

PEACEABLE DISPOSITION.

There is plenty of room for a peaceable man in the most thronged assembly;
But a quarrelsome spirit is straitened in the open field.

Prov. Phil. i. *Discretion.*

PEN.

The pen, flowing with love, or dipped black in hate,
Or tipped with delicate courtesies, or harshly edged with censure,
Hath quickened more good than the sun, more evil than the sword,
More joy than woman's smile, more woe than frowning fortune.

Prov. Phil. i. *Writing.*

PENITENCE IN PRISON.

Happy prison! where the air is sweetened by the frankincense of piety, and the pavement gemmed with the flowers of hope, and the ceiling arched with heaven's bow of mercy, and the walls hung around with the dewy drapery of penitence!

Happy prison! where the talents that were lost are being found again, gathered in humility from this stone floor; where poor-making riches are banished from the postern, and rich-making poverty streameth in as light from the grated window; where care vexeth not now the laborer emptied of his gold, and calumny's black tooth no longer gnaws the heartstrings of the innocent.

Crock of Gold.

PERSONAL AND INTELLECTUAL BEAUTY.

There is a beauty of the body; the superficial polish of a statue,
The symmetry of form and feature, delicately carved and painted.
How bright in early bloom the Georgian sitteth at her lattice,
How softened off in graceful curves her young and gentle shape:
Those dark eyes, lit by curiosity, flash beneath the lashes,
And still her velvet cheek is dimpled with a smile.
Dost thou count her beautiful? — even as a mere fair figure,
A plastic image, little more, — the outer garb of woman:
Yea, — and thus far it is well; but Reason's hopes are higher, —
Can he sate his soul on a scantling third of beauty?

* * * * * *

There is a beauty of the reason: grandly independent of externals,
It looketh from the windows of the house, shining in the man triumphant.
I have seen the broad blank face of some misshapen dwarf
Lit on a sudden as with glory, the brilliant light of mind:
Who then imagined him deformed? intelligence is blazing on his forehead,
There is empire in his eye, and sweetness on his lip, and his brown cheek glittereth with beauty:
And I have known some Nireus of the camp, a varnished paragon of chamberers,
Fine, elegant, and shapely, moulded as the master-piece of Phidias,—
Such an one, with intellects abased, have I noted crouching to the dwarf,
Whilst his lovers scorn the fool whose beauty hath departed!

Prov. Phil. ii. *Beauty.*

PHILANTHROPY.

As thistle-down flieth abroad, and casteth its anchor in the soil,
So philanthropy yearneth for a heart, where it may take root and blossom.

Prov. Phil. i. *Friendship.*

PICTURE OF A PROFLIGATE.

BORN amongst outcasts from the better mass of life—brought up from the very cradle amid sounds and scenes of utter vice (whereof we dare not think or speak one moment of the many years she dwelt continuously among them)—educated solely as a profligate, and ignorant alike of sin, righteousness, and a judgment to come—had she then a chance of good, or one hopeful thought of being better than she was?

The water of holy baptism never bedewed that brow; the voice of motherly counsel never touched those ears; her eyes were unskilled to read the records of wisdom; her feet untutored to follow after holiness; her heart unconscious of those evils which she never knew condemned; her soul—she never heard or thought of one! Oh, ye well-born, well-bred, ye kindly, carefully, prayerfully instructed daughters of innocence and purity, pause, pause, ere your charity condemns; hate the sin, but love the sinner: think it out further, for yourselves, in all those details which I have not time to touch, skill to describe, nor courage to encounter; think out as kindly as ye may this episode of just indulgence; there is wisdom in this lesson of benevolence, and after-sweetness too, though the earliest taste of it be bitter; think it out; be humbler of your virtue, scarcely competent to err; be more grateful to that Providence, which hath filled your lot with good; and be gentler hearted, more generous-handed unto those, whose daily life is—all temptation.

Heart.

PLEASURES OF AUTHORSHIP.

And shall not the image of his Maker be happy in his own mind's doing,
Looking on the structure he hath reared, gratefully with sweet complacence?
Shall not the Minerva of his brain, panoplied and perfect in proportions,
Gladden the soul and give light unto the eyes of him the travailing parent?
Go to the sculptor, and ask him of his dreams, wherefore are his nights so moonlit?
Angel faces, and beautiful shapes, fascinate the pale Pygmalion:
Go to the painter, and trace his reveries, — wherefore are his days so sunny?
Choice design and skilful coloring charm the flitting hours of Parrhasius:
Even so, walking in his buoyancy, intoxicate with fairy fancies,
The young enthusiast of authorship goeth on his way rejoicing:
Behold, — he is gallantly attended; legions of thrilling thoughts
Throng about the standard of his mind, and call his Will their captain;
Behold, — his court is as a monarch's; ideas, and grand imaginations
Swell, with gorgeous cavalcade, the splendor of his Spiritual State;
Behold, — he is delicately served; for oftentimes, in solitary calmness,

Some mental fair Egeria smileth on her Numa's worship;
Behold, — he is happy; there is gladness in his eye, and his heart is a sealed fountain,
Bounding secretly with joys unseen, and keeping down its ecstacy of pleasure!

Prov. Phil. ii. *Authorship.*

POETRY.

And art thou too among the blessed, mild, much injured Poetry?
Who quickenest with light and beauty the leaden face of matter,
Who not unheard, though silent, fillest earth's gardens with music,
And not unseen, though a spirit, dost look down upon us from the stars, —
That hast been to me for oil and for wine, to cheer and uphold my soul,
When wearied, battling with the surge, the stunning surge of life.

Prov. Phil. i. *Train of Religion.*

POPULARITY OF SUCCESS.

Men will come around thee, and wait, and watch the turning of the wheel;
And if, in the lottery of life, thou hast drawn a splendid prize,
What foresight hadst thou, and skill! yea, what enterprise and wisdom!

But if it fall out against thee, and thou fail in thy perilous endeavor,
Behold, the simple did sow, and hath reaped the right harvest of his folly;
And the world will be gladly accused, nor will reach out a finger to help;
For why should this speculative dullard be a whirlpool to all around him?
Go to, let him sink by himself: we knew what the end of it would be: —
For the man hath missed his mark, and his fellows look no further.

Prov. Phil. i. *Estimating Character.*

POWER OF INDIRECT EFFORT.

Beard not a lion in his den, but fashion the secret pitfall,
So shalt thou conquer the strong, thyself triumphing in weakness.
The hurricane rageth fiercely, and the promontory standeth in its might,
Breasting the artillery of heaven, as darts glance from the crocodile:
But the small continual creeping of the silent footsteps of the sea
Mineth the wall of adamant, and stealthily compasseth its ruin.

Prov. Phil. i. *Indirect Influences.*

POWER OF PRAYER.

BEHOLD that fragile form of delicate transparent beauty,
Whose light-blue eye and hectic cheek are lit by the bale-fires of decline,
All droopingly she lieth, as a dew-laden lily,
Her flaxen tresses, rashly luxuriant, dank with unhealthy moisture;
Hath not thy heart said of her, Alas! poor child of weakness?
Thou hast erred; Goliath of Gath stood not in half her strength:
Terribly she fighteth in the van as the virgin daughter of Orleans,
She beareth the banner of heaven, her onset is the rushing cataract,
Seraphim rally at her side, and the captain of that host is God,
And the serried ranks of evil are routed by the lightning of her eye,
She is the King's remembrancer, and steward of many blessings,
Holding the buckler of security over her unthankful land:
For that weak fluttering heart is strong in faith assured,
Dependence is her might, and behold — she prayeth.

Prov. Phil. i. *Prayer.*

POWER OF TRIFLES.

THERE is nothing in the earth so small that it may not produce great things,
And no swerving from a right line, that may not lead eternally astray.
A landmark tree was once a seed; and the dust in the balance maketh a difference;
And the cairn is heaped high by each one flinging a pebble:
The dangerous bar in the harbor's mouth is only grains of sand;
And the shoal that hath wrecked a navy is the work of a colony of worms:
Yea, and a despicable gnat may madden the mighty elephant;
And the living rock is worn by the diligent flow of the brook.

Prov. Phil. i. *Trifles.*

A SPARK is a molecule of matter, yet may it kindle the world;
Vast is the mighty ocean, but drops have made it vast.
Despise not thou a small thing, either for evil or for good;
For a look may work thy ruin, or a word create thy wealth:
The walking this way or that, the casual stopping or hastening,
Hath saved life, and destroyed it, hath cast down and built up fortunes.
Commit thy trifles unto God, for to him is nothing trivial;
And it is but the littleness of man that seeth no greatness in a trifle.

All things are infinite in parts, and the moral is as the material,
Neither is anything vast, but it is compacted of atoms.

* * * * * *

Regard nothing lightly which the wisdom of Providence hath ordered;
And therefore consider all things that happen unto thee or unto others.
The warrior that stood against a host, may be pierced unto death by a needle;
And the saint that feareth not the fire, may perish the victim of a thought;
A mote in the gunner's eye is as bad as a spike in the gun;
And the cable of a furlong is lost through an ill-wrought inch.

Ibid.

PRAISE OF THE GOOD.

The praise of holy men is a promise of praise from their Master;
A forerunning earnest of thy welcome,—Well done, faithful servant;
A rich preludious note, that droppeth softly on thine ear,
To tell thee the chords of thy heart are in tune with the choirs of heaven.

Prov. Phil. i. *Commendation.*

PRAISE WITH ADVICE.

thou that one remember a thing? — praise him in the
ıidst of thy advice;
· yet forgat man the word whereby he hath been praised.

Ibid.

YER ACCORDANT WITH GOD'S DECREES.

:n, God is true, and yet He hath not changed:
e that sendeth the petition, to answer it according to his
ill.

Prov. Phil. i. *Prayer.*

PRAYERS OF SAINTS.

ılt preserveth the sea, and the saints uphold the earth;
prayers are the thousand pillars that prop the canopy
nature.
, an hour without prayer, from some terrestrial mind,
ı curse in the calendar of time, a spot of the blackness
darkness.
ınce the terrible day, when the world must rock into
ins,
e one unwhitened by prayer, — shall He find faith on
e earth?

Ibid.

PRICE OF SIN.

THE cheapest pleasures are the best; and nothing is more costly than sin.

Prov. Phil. i. *Recreation.*

PROBABILITIES AN AID TO FAITH, ILLUSTRATED.

WHEN an eminent living geologist was prosecuting his researches, at Kirkdale cave, Yorkshire, he had calculated so nicely on the antecedent probabilities, that his commands to the laborers were substantially these: "Take your mattocks, and pick up that stone flooring; then take your basket, and fill it — with the bones of hyænas and other creatures which you will find there." We may fancy the ridicule wherewith ignorance might have greeted science: but lo, the triumph of philosophy, when its mandate soon assumed a bodily shape in — bushels of bones gnawed as by wild beasts, and here and there a grinning skull that looked like a hyæna's! Such a deposit was very unlikely to be found there in the eyes of the unenlightened: but very likely to the wise man's ken. The real probabilities were in favor of a strange fact, though the seeming probabilities were against it.

* * * * * *

We are all now convinced of the existence of America; and so, some three or four hundred years back, was Christopher Columbus — but nobody else. Alone, he proved that mighty continent so probable, from geometrical measurements, and the balance of the world, and tides, and trade-winds, and

casual floatsams driven from some land beneath the setting sun, that he was antecedently convinced of the fact: and it would have been a shock to his reason as well as to his faith, had he found himself able to sail due west from Lisbon to China, without having struck against his huge probability.

* * * * *

A Kissoor merchant in Timbuctoo is told of the existence of water hard and cold as marble. All the experience of his nation is against it. He disbelieves. However, after no long time, the testimony of two native princes who have been feted in England, and have seen Ice, shakes his once not unreasonable incredulity: and the additional idea brought soon to his remembrance, that, as lead cools down from hot fluidity to a solid lump, so, in the absence of solar heat, in all probability would water, — corroborates and makes acceptable by analagous likelihood the doctrine simultaneously evidenced by credible witnesses.

Probabilities.

PROPHECY.

The prophecies of Holy Writ appear to me to have one great peculiarity, distinguishing them from all other prophecies, if any, real or pretended; and that peculiarity I deferentially conceive to be this: that, whereas, all human prophecies profess to have but one true fulfilment, the divine have avowedly many true fulfilments. The former may indeed light upon some one coincidence, and may exult in the accident as a proof of truth; the latter bounds as it were (like George Herbert's sabbaths) from one to another, through some forty centuries, equally fulfilled in each case, but still looking forward with hope to some grander catastrophe: it is not that they are loosely suited like the Delphic oracles, to

whatever may turn up, but that they by a felicitous ad
tation sit closely into each era which the Architect of
has arranged. Pythonic divination may be likened to a
bag which would hold and involve with equal ease almost
circumstance ; Biblical prophecy to an exact mould,
which alone, though not all similar in perfection, its own
casts will fit.

Author's Mis

PROSECUTION OF THE GUILTY.

If a thief break thy dwelling, and thou has taken him, it
sin in thee to let him go ;
Yea, though he pleadeth to thy mercy, thou canst not s
him and be blameless :
For his guilt is not only against thee, it is not thy money
thy merchandise,
But he hath done damage to the law, which duty constrai
thee to sanction.

Prov. Phil. i. *Subjectio*

PROVERB-WRITING.

What though a guilty man renew that hallowed theme,
And strike with feebler hand the harp of Sirach's son ?
What, though a youthful tongue take up that ancient para
And utter faintly forth dark sayings as of old ?
Sweet is the virgin honey, though the wild bee have store
in a reed ;
And bright the jewelled band, that circleth an Ethiop's ar
Pure are the grains of gold in the turbid stream of Ganges

And fair the living flowers, that spring from the dull cold sod.
Wherefore, thou gentle student, bend thine ear to my speech,
For I also am as thou art; our hearts can commune together.

Prov. Phil. i. *Prefatory.*

PROVIDENCE.

But, doubtless, the sailing of a cloud hath Providence to its pilot,
Doubtless, the root of an oak is gnarled for a special purpose,
The foreknown station of a rush is as fixed as the station of a king,
And chaff from the hand of a winnower, steered as the stars in their courses.

Prov. Phil. i. *Hidden Uses.*

Canst thou measure Omnipotence, canst thou conceive Ubiquity,
Which guideth the meanest reptile, and quickeneth the brightest seraph,
Which steereth the particles of dust, and commandeth the path of the comet?

Prov. Phil. i. *Thinking.*

The merest seeming trifle is ordered as the morning light;
And he that rideth on the hurricane, is pilot of the bubble on the breaker.

Prov. Phil. ii. *Immortality.*

A FOOL observeth nothing, and seemeth wise unto himself;
A wise man heedeth all things, and in his own eyes is a fool:
He that wondereth at nothing hath no capabilities of bliss;
But he that scrutinizeth trifles hath a store of pleasure to his hand.
If pestilence stalk through the land, ye say, This is God's doing;
Is it not also His doing, when an aphis creepeth on a rose-bud?—
If an avalanche roll from its Alps, ye tremble at the will of Providence;
Is not that will concerned when the sear leaves fall from the poplar?—

Prov. Phil. i. *Trifles.*

READING IN SEASON.

THY mind is freshened by morning air, grapple with science and philosophy;
Noon hath unnerved thy thoughts, dream for a while on fictions;
Gray evening sobereth thy spirit, walk thou then with worshippers;
But reason shall dig deepest in the night, and fancy fly most free.

Prov. Phil. i. *Reading.*

RECIPE FOR WEALTH.

WOULDST thou be poor, scatter to the rich, — and reap the tares of ingratitude;
Wouldst thou be rich, give unto the poor; — thou shalt have thine own with usury:

Prov. Phil. i. *Wealth.*

REFLECTION AND REVERIE.

REFLECTION is a flower of the mind, giving out wholesome fragrance,
But reverie is the same flower, when rank and running to seed.

Prov. Phil. i. *Thinking.*

RELATIONS AND FRIENDS.

FOR, note thou this, the providence of God hath bound up families together,
To mutual aid and patient trial; yea, those ties are strong,
Friends are ever dearer in thy wealth, but relations to be trusted in thy need,
For these are God's appointed way, and those the choice of man.
There is lower warmth in kin, but smaller truth in friends,
The latter show more surface, and the first have more of depth.
Relations rally to the rescue, even in estrangement and neglect,

Where friends will have fled at thy defeat, even after promises and kindness.
For friends come and go, the whim that bound may loose them,
But none can dissever a relationship, and Fate hath tied the knot.

Prov. Phil. ii. *Society.*

REPULSIVENESS OF DEATH.

Even to the best, the wise and pure and pious,
Death, repulsive king, thine iron rule is terrible:
Yea, and even at the best, in company of buried kindred,
With hallowing rites, and friendly tears, and the dear old country church.
Death, cold and lonely thy frigid face is hateful,
The bravest look on thee with dread, the humblest curse thy coming.
Still, ye unwise among mankind, your foolishness hath added fears;
The crowded cemetery, the catacomb of bones, the pestilential vault,
With fancy's gliding ghost at eve, her moans and flaky footfalls,
And the gibbering train of terror to fright your coward hearts.
We speak not here of sin, nor the phantoms of a bloody conscience,
Nor of solaces, and merciful pardon; we heed but the inevitable grave;
The grave, that wage of guilt, that due return to dust,
The grave, that goal of earth, and starting-post for heaven.

Prov. Phil. ii. *Death.*

RESPONSIBILITY OF PARENTS.

Show me a child undutiful, I shall know where to look for a foolish father:
Never hath a father done his duty, and lived to be despised of his son.

Prov. Phil. i. *Education.*

RESURRECTION.

Hide it up, hide it up, draw the decent curtain:
Hence! curious fool, and pry not on corruption:
For the fearful mysteries of change are being there enacted,
And many actors play their part on that small stage, the tomb.
Leave the clay, that leprous thing, touch not the fleshly garment:
Dust to dust, it mingleth well among the sacred soil:
It is scattered by the winds, it is wafted by the waves, it mixeth with herbs and cattle,
But God hath watched those morsels, and hath guided them in care:
Each waiting soul must claim his own, when the archangel soundeth,
And all the fields, and all the hills shall move a mass of life;
Bodies numberless, crowding on the land, and covering the trampled sea,
Darkening the air precipitate, and gathered scathless from the fire;
The Himalayan peaks shall yield their charge, and the desolate steppes of Siberia,

The Maelstrom disengulf its spoil, and the iceberg manun
its captive:
All shall teem with life, the converging fragments of h
manity,
Till every conscious essence greet his individual frame;
For in some dignified similitude, alike, yet different in glor
This body shall be shaped anew, fit dwelling for the soul:
The hovel hath grown to a palace, the bulb hath burst ir
the flower,
Matter hath put on incorruption, and is at peace with spirit
Prov. Phil. ii. *Death*

RETROSPECT AND PROCRASTINATION.

Lo, it is the even of To-day, — a day so lately a To-morrow
Where are those high resolves, those hopes of yesternight?
O faint fond heart, still shall thy whisper be To-morrow,
And must the growing avalanche of sin roll down that e
slope?
Alas, it is ponderous, and moving on in might, that a Sisyp
may not stop it;
But haste thee with the lever of a prayer, and stem its stre
To-day:
For its race may speedily be run, and this poor hut, thy
Be whelmed in death and suffocating guilt, that dreary i
snow wreath.
Prov. Phil. ii. *To-mor*

RETROSPECTION WITH PRAYER.

At night, in the stillness of thy chamber, guard and curb thy thoughts,
And in recounting the doings of the day, beware that thou do it with prayer,
Or thinking will be an idle pleasure, and retrospect yield no fruit.

Prov. Phil. i. *Thinking.*

REVERIE TO BE AVOIDED.

Steer the bark of thy mind from the syren isle of reverie,
And let a watchful spirit mingle with the glance of recollection.

Ibid.

RIDICULE AS A TEST OF TRUTH.

Some have commended ridicule, counting it the test of truth,*
But neither wittily nor wisely; for truth must prove ridicule:
Otherwise a blunt bulrush is to pierce the proof armor of argument,
Because the stolidity of ignorance took it for a barbed shaft.

Prov. Phil. i. *Ridicule.*

*See the philosophy of Shaftesbury.

RIDICULE is a weak weapon, when levelled at a strong mind;
But common men are cowards, and dread an empty laugh.
Fear a nettle, and touch it tenderly, — its poison shall burn thee to the shoulder;
But grasp it with bold hand, — is it not a bundle of myrrh?
Betray mean terror of ridicule, thou shalt find fools enough to mock thee;
But answer thou their laughter with contempt, and the scoffers will lick thy feet.

Ibid.

RIGHT USE OF PRAISE.

PRAISE a fool and slay him: for the canvass of his vanity is spread;
His bark is shallow in the water, and a sudden gust shall sink it:
Praise a wise man, and speed him on his way; for he carrieth the ballast of humility,
And is glad when his course is cheered by the sympathy of brethren ashore.

Prov. Phil. i. *Commendation.*

RISE AND PROGRESS OF MAHOMET.

(ANTECEDENT PROBABILITY OF)

"THERE is one God, and Mahomet is his prophet!" How admirably calculated such a war-cry would be for the circumstances of the seventh century. The simple sublimity of oneness, as opposed to school-theology and catholic dæmons: the glitter of barbaric pomp instead of tame observances: the flashing scimetar of ambition to supersede the cross: a turban aigretted with jewels for the twisted wreath of thorns. As human nature is, and especially in that time was, nothing was more expectable (even if prophetic records had not taught it), than the rise and progress of that great False Prophet, whose waving crescent even now blights the third part of Earth.

Probabilities, &c.

ROMAN CATHOLICISM.

THE Religion of Christ, though intended to be universal in some better era of this groaning earth, was, until that era cometh, meant and contrived for any thing rather than a Catholicity. True, the Church is so far Catholic that it numbers of its blessed company men of every clime and every age, from righteous Abel down to the last dear babe christened yester-morning; true, the commission is "to all nations, teaching them:" but, what mean the simultaneous and easily reconciled expressions, — come out from among them, — little flock, gathered out of the Gentiles, a peculiar people, a church militant and not triumphant here on earth? Thus shortly of a word much misinterpreted: let us now see what the Roman-

ist does — what (on human principles) he would be probable to do, — with this discriminating religion. He chiefly for temporal gains, would make it as expansive as possible: there should be room at that table for every guest, whether wedding-garmented or not; there would be sauces in that poisonous feast fitted to every palate. For the cold ascetical mind, a cell and a scourge, and a record kept of starving fancies as calling them ecstatic visions vouchsafed by some old Stylite to bless his favored worshipper: for the painted demirep of fashionable life, there would be a pretty pocket-idol, and the snug confessional well-tenanted by a not unsympathizing father: for the pure girl, blighted in her heart's first love, the papist would afford that seemingly merciful refuge, that calm and musical and gentle place, the irrevocable nunnery; a place, for all its calmness, and its music, and its gentle reputations, soon to be abhorred of that poor child as a living tomb, the extinguisher of all life's aims, all its duties, uses, and delights: for the bandit, a tythe of the traveller's gold would avail to pay away the murder, and earn for him a heap of merits kept within the cashbox: the educated, highborn and finely moulded mind might be well amused with architecture, painting, carving, sweet odors, and the most wondrous music that has ever cheated man, — even while he offers up his easy adorations, and departs, equally complacent at the choral melodies as at the priestly absolution: while, for those good few, the truly pious and enlightened children of Rome, who mourn the corruptions of their church and explain away with trembling tongue her obvious errors and idolatries, for these, the wily scheme, — so probable, — devised an undoubted mass of truth to be left among the rubbish. True doctrines justly held by true martyrs and true saints, holy men of God, who have died in that communion: ordinances and an existence which creep up (heedless of corruption though) step by step, through past antiquity, to the very feet of

the Founder: keen casuists, competent to prove any point of conscience or objection, and that indisputably,—for they climax all by the high authority of Popes and councils that cannot be deceived: pious treatises and manuals, verily of flaming heat, for they mingle the yearnings of a constrained celibacy with the fervencies of worship and the cravings after God. Yes, there is meat here for every human mouth: only that, alas for men, the meat is that which perisheth, and not endureth unto everlasting life. Rome, thou wert sagely schemed: and if Lucifer devised thee not for the various appetencies of poor deceivable Catholic Man, verily it were pity; for thou art worthy of his handywork. All things to all men, in any sense but the right, signifies nothing to anybody: in the sense of falsehoods, take the former for thy motto: in that of single truth, in its intensity, the latter.

Probabilities, &c.

SANCTIFIED AFFLICTION.

THE furnace of affliction may be fierce, but if it refineth thy soul,
The good of one meek thought shall outweigh years of torment,
Nevertheless, wretched man, if thy bad heart be hardened in the flame,
Being earth-born, as of clay, and not of moulded wax,
Judge not the hand that smiteth, as if thou wert visited in wrath;
Reproach thyself, for He is Justice: repent thee, for He is Mercy.

Prov. Phil. i. *Good in Things Evil.*

In many modes the heart of man is tried, as gold must be refined by many methods; and happiest is the heart, that, being tried by many, comes purest out of all. If prosperity melts it as a flux, well; but better too than well, if the acid of affliction afterward eats away all unseen impurities; whereas, to those with whom the world is in their hearts, affluence only hardens, and penury embitters, and thus, though burnt in many fires, their hearts are dross in all. Like those sullen children in the market place, they feel no sympathies with heaven or with earth: unthankful in prosperity, unsoftened by adversity, well may it be said of them, Hearts of stone, hearts of stone!

Heart.

SCENE IN HIGH LIFE.

Henry Mynton, high in oath and dashing down his cards, has charged Sir Richard Hunt with cheating (it was *sauter la coupe* or *couper le saut* or some such mystery of iniquity, I really cannot tell which): Sir Richard, a stout dark man, the patriarch of the party, glossily wigged upon his head, and imperially tufted on his chin, retorts with a pungent Sarcasm calmly and coolly uttered; that hot-headed fool silliphant, clearly quite intoxicated, backs his cousin Mynton's view of the case by the cogent argument of a dice-box at Sir Richard's head,—and at once all is struggle, strife, and uproar. The other guests, young fellows of high fashion, now too much warmed with wine to remember their accustomed Mohican

cold-bloodedness, — those happy debtors to the prowess of a Stultz, and walking advertisers of Nugee, — take eager part with the opposed belligerents: more than one decanter is sent hissing through the air; more than one bloody coxcomb witnesses to the weight of a candlestick and its hurler's clever aim: uplifted chairs are made the weapons of the chivalric combatants; and along with divers other less distinguished victims in the melee, poor Sir John Vincent rushing into the midst, as a well-intentioned host, to quell the drunken brawl, gets knocked down among them all; the tables are upset, the bright gold runs about the room in all directions, — ha! no one heeds it, — no one owns it, — one little piece rolled right up to the window-sill where Roger still looked on with all his eyes; it is but to put his hand in, — the window is open to the floor, — nay, a finger is enough: greedily, one undecided moment, did he gaze upon the gold: he saw the hideous contrast of his own dim hovel and that radiant chamber, — he remembered the pining faces of his babes, and gentle Grace with all her hardships, — he thought upon his poverty and well deserts, — he looked upon wastefulness of wealth and wantonness of living, — these reflections struck him in a moment; no one saw him, no one cared about the gold; that little blessed morsel that could do him so much good; all was confusion, all was opportunity, and who can wonder that his fingers closed upon the sovereign, and that he picked it up?

Crock of Gold.

SELF-DEPENDENCE OF THE SINNER.

LOVE hath a power and a longing to save the gathered world,
And rescue universal man from the hunting hell-hounds of his doings :
Yet few, here one and there one, scanty as the gleaning after harvest,
Are glad of the robes of praise which Mercy would fling around the naked ;
But wrapping closer to their skin the poisoned tunic of their works,
They stand in self-dependence to perish in abandonment of God.

Prov. Phil. i. *Good in Things Evil.*

SELFISH FRIENDS.

SUCH be as the flies of summer, while plenty sitteth at thy board ;
But who can wonder at their flight from the cold denials of want ?
Such be as vultures round a carcase, assembled together for the feast :
But a sudden noise scareth them, and forthwith are they specks among the clouds.

Prov. Phil. i. *Friendship.*

SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

ACQUAINT thee with thyself, O man! so shalt thou be humble:
The hard hot desert of thy heart shall blossom with the lily and the rose;
The frozen cliffs of pride shall melt as an iceberg in the tropics;
The bitter fountains of self-seeking be sweeter than the waters of the Nile.
But if thou lack that wisdom, — thy frail skiff is doomed,
On stronger eddy whirling to the dreadful gorge;
Untaught in that grand lore, — thou standest, cased in steel,
To dare with mocking unbelief the thunderbolts of heaven.
For look now around thee on the universe, behold how all things serve thee;
The teeming soil, and the buoyant sea, and undulating air,
Golden crops, and bloomy fruits, and flowers, and precious gems,
Choice perfumes and fair sights, soft touches and sweet music:
For thee, shoaling up the bay, crowd the finny nations,
For thee, the cattle on a thousand hills live and labor and die:
Light is thy daily slave, darkness inviteth thee to slumber;
Thou art served by the hands of Beauty, and Sublimity kneeleth at thy feet:
Arise, thou sovereign of creation, and behold thy glory!
Yet more, thou hast a mind; intellect wingeth thee to heaven,
Tendeth thy state on earth, and by it thou divest down to hell;
Thou hast measured the belt of Saturn, thou hast weighed the moons of Jupiter,

And seen, by reason's eye, the centre of thy globe;
Subtly hast thou numbered by billions the leagues between
sun and sun,
And noted in thy book the coming of their shadows:
With marvellous unerring truth thou knowest to an inch and
to an instant,
The where and the when of the comet's path that shall seem
to rush by at thy command:
Arise, thou king of mind, and survey thy dignity!
Yet more, — for once believe religion's flattering tale;
Thou hast a soul, aye, and a God, — but be not therefore
humbled:
Thy Maker's self was glad to live and die — a man;
The brightest jewel in his crown is voluntary manhood:
By deep dishonor and great price, bought he that envied free-
dom,
But thou wast born an heir of all, thy Master scarce could
earn.
O climax unto pride, O triumph of humanity,
O triple crown upon thy brow, most high and mighty Self!
Arise, thou Lord of all, thou greater than a God! —
How saidst thou, wretched being? — cast thy glance within;
Regard that painted sepulchre, the hovel of thy heart.
Ha! with what fearful imagery swarmeth that small chamber;
The horrid eye of murder scowling in the dark,
The bony hand of avarice filching from the poor,
The lurid fires of lust, the idiot face of folly,
The sickening deed of cruelty, the foul fierce orgies of the
drunken,
Weak contemptible vanity, stubborn stolid unbelief,
Envy's devilish sneer, and the vile features of ingratitude, —
Man, hast thou seen enough? or are these full proof
That thou art a miracle of mercy, and all thy dignity is dross?

Prov. Phil. i. *Self-Acquaintance.*

SILENCE OF ANCIENT HISTORY.

SYRACUSE, — how silent of the past! — Carthage, thou art
blotted from remembrance!
Egypt, wondrous shores, ye are buried in the sandhills of
forgetfulness!
Alas, — for in your glorious youth, Time himself was young,
And none durst wrestle with that Angel, iron-sinewed bride-
groom of Space;
So he flew by, strong upon the wing, nor dropped one falling
feather,
Wherewith some hoary scribe might register their honor and
renown.

Prov. Phil. ii. *Authorship.*

SIMILES OF SCRIPTURE.

IT is too true that oftentimes the baldness of translation deprives poetry, Eastern especially, of its fervor, its glow, its gush, and blush of beauty: to quote Aristotle's example, it too frequently converts the rosy-fingered Morn into the red-fisted; and so the poetry of dawning day, with its dew-dropped flowers, its healthy refreshment, its rosy fingers drawing aside the star-spangled curtain of night, falls at once into the low notion of a foggy morning, and is suggestive only of red-fisted Abigails struggling continuously with the deposits of a London atmosphere. In like manner, (for all this has not been an episode beside the purpose), many a roughly rendered similitude of Scripture might be advantageously vindicated; local diversities and Orientalisms might be explained in such a treatise: for example, in the Canticles, "the beloved among the sons" is compared with "an apple-tree among the trees of the wood:" now, amongst

us, an apple-tree is stunted and unsightly, and always degenerates in a wood; whereas, the Eastern apple-tree, probably one of the citron class (to be more correct), may be a magnificent monarch of the forest. "Camphire," to a Western mind, is not suggestive of the sweetest perfume, and perhaps the word may be amended into the marginal "cypress" or cedar, or some other: as "a bottle in the smoke," loses its propriety for an image until shown to be a wine-skin. "Who is this that cometh out of the wilderness, like pillars of smoke?" probably intending the swiftly-rushing columns of *sand* flying on the wings of the whirlwind. "Thine eyes are like the fish-pools in Heshbon," might well be softened into fountains, — tearful, calm, resplendent, and rejoicing; and in showing the poetic fitness of comparing the bride to a landscape, it might clearly be set out how emblematic of Jewish millenial prosperity, and of Christian universality, that bride was.

Author's Mind.

SIMPLICITY OF FAITH.

The child asketh of its mother, — Wherefore is the violet so sweet?
The mother answereth her babe, — Darling, God hath willed it.
And sages, diving into science, have but a profundity of words,
They track for some few links the circling chain of consequence,
And then, after doubts and disputations, are left where they began.
At the bald conclusion of a clown, things are because they are.

Prov. Phil. ii. *Mystery.*

THE sun is not more unexplained than the tissue of an emmet's wing.

Ibid.

GOD, a wise father, showeth not his reasons to his babes;
But willeth in secrecy and goodness; for causes generate dispute.

Ibid.

SIN, NECESSARY TO DISPLAY GOD'S CHARACTER.

SIN is an awful shadow, but it addeth new glories to the light;
Sin is a black foil, but it setteth off the jewelry of heaven:
Sin is the traitor that hath dragged the majesty of mercy into action;
Sin is the whelming argument, to justify the attribute of vengeance;
It is a deep dark thought, and needeth to be diligently studied,
But perchance evil was essential, that God should be seen of his creatures.

Prov. Phil. i. *Good in Things Evil.*

SIN, SORROW, AND FEAR.

THERE be three chief rivers of despondency; sin, sorrow, fear;
Sin is the deepest, sorrow hath its shallows, and fear is a noisy rapid;
But even to the darkest holes in guilt's profoundest river
Hope can pierce with quickening ray, and all those depths are lightened.
So long as there is mercy in a God, hope is the privilege of creatures,
And so soon as there is penitence in creatures, that hope is exalted into duty.

Prov. Phil. ii. *Cheerfulness.*

SKILFUL FLATTERER.

He will glorify a parent, even to the censure of his child, —
O degenerate scion, of a stock so excellent and noble!
Scant will be in well-earned praise of a son before his father;
And rarely commendeth to a mother her daughter's budding beauty:
Yet shall he extol the daughter to her father, and be warm about the son before his mother;
Knowing that self-love entereth not, to resist applause with jealousies.
Wisely is he sparing of hyperbole where vehemence of praise would humble,
For many a father liketh ill to be counted second to his son;
And shrewdly the flatterer hath reckoned on a self still lurking in the mother,

When his tongue was slow to speak of graces in the daughter.
But, if he descend a generation, to the grandsire his talk is of the grandson,
Because in such high praise he hideth the honors of the son;
And the daughter of a daughter may well exceed in beauty, love, and learning,
For unconsciously old age perceived — she cannot be my rival.
These are of the deep things of flattery: and many a shallow sycophant
Hath marvelled ill that praise of children seldom won their parents.
This therefore note, unto detection; flattery can sneer as well as smile;
And a master in the craft wotteth well that his oblique thrust is surest.

Prov. Phil. ii. *Flattery.*

SLOTH.

"A LITTLE more sleep, a little more slumber,
A little more folding of the hands to sleep,"
For quick-footed dreams without order or number,
Over my mind are beginning to creep, —
Rare is the happiness thus to be raptured
By your wild whispers, my Fanciful train,
And, like a linnet, be carelessly captured
In the soft nets of my beautiful brain!

Touch not these curtains! — your hand will be tearing
Delicate tissues of thoughts and of things; —
Call me not! — your cruel voice will be scaring
Flocks of young visions on gossamer wings:

Leave me, O leave me, — for in your rude presence
  Nothing of all my bright world can remain, —
Thou art a blight to this garden of pleasance,
  Thou art a blot on my beautiful brain!

Cease your dull lecture on cares and employment,
  Let me forget awhile trouble and strife,
Leave me to peace, — let me husband enjoyment, —
  This is the heart and the marrow of life!
For to my feeling the choicest of pleasures
  Is to lie thus, without peril or pain,
Lazily listening the musical measures
  Of the sweet voice in my beautiful brain!

Hush, — for the halo of calmness is spreading
  Over my spirit, as mild as a dove;
Hush, — for the angel of comfort is shedding
  Over my body his vial of love;
Hush, — for new slumbers are over me stealing,
  Thus would I court them again and again,
Hush, — for my heart is intoxicate, — reeling
  In the swift waltz of my beautiful brain!

Thousand Lines

SOCIALITY OF INNOCENCE.

The wounded partridge hideth in a furrow, and a stricl
  conscience would be left alone;
But when its breast is healed, it runneth gladly with
  fellows:
Whereas the solitary heron, standing in the sedgy fen,
Holdeth aloof from the social world, intent on wiles and des

Prov. Phil. i. *Ridicul*

SOLITUDE.

SOLITUDE bringeth woe to the wicked, for his crimes are told
out in his ear;
But addeth peace to the good, for the mercies of his God are
numbered.
Thou mayst know if it be well with a man, — loveth he gaiety
or solitude?
For the troubled river rusheth to the sea, but the calm lake
slumbereth among the mountains.
How dear to the mind of the sage are the thoughts that are
bred in loneliness,
For there is as it were music at his heart, and he talketh
within him as with friends:
But guilt maddeneth the brain, and terror glareth in the eye,
Where, in his solitary cell, the malefactor wrestleth with
remorse.

Prov. Phil. i. *Thinking*.

SOLITUDE — SOCIETY.

MAN, thou hast a social spirit, and art deeply indebted to thy
kind:
Therefore claim not all thy rights; but yield, for thine own
advantage.
Society is a chain of obligations, and its links must support
each other:
The branch cannot but wither, that is cut from the parent
vine.
Wouldst thou be a dweller in the woods, and cast away the
cords that bind thee,

Seeking, in thy bitterness or pride, to be exiled from thy fellows?
Behold, the beasts shall hunt thee, weak, naked, houseless outcast.
Disease and Death shall track thee out, as bloodhounds, in the wilderness:
Better to be vilest of the vile, in the hated company of men,
Than to live a solitary wretch, dreading and wanting all things;
Better to be chained to thy labor, in the dusky thoroughfares of life,
Than to reign monarch of Sloth, in lonesome savage freedom.

Prov. Phil. i. *Subjection.*

SONG OF SEVENTY.

I AM not old, — I cannot be old,
Though threescore years and ten
Have wasted away, like a tale that is told,
The lives of other men:

I am not old; though friends and foes
Alike have gone to their graves,
And left me alone to my joys or my woes,
As a rock in the midst of the waves:

I am not old, — I cannot be old,
Though tottering, wrinkled, and gray;
Though my eyes are dim, and my marrow is cold,
Call me not old to-day.

For, early memories round me throng,
  Old times, and manners, and men,
As I look behind on my journey so long
  Of threescore miles and ten;

I look behind, and am once more young,
  Buoyant, and brave, and bold,
And my heart can sing, as of yore it sung,
  Before they called me old.

I do not see her — the old wife there —
  Shrivelled, and haggard, and gray,
But I look on her blooming, and soft, and fair,
  As she was on her wedding-day:

I do not see you, daughters and sons,
  In the likeness of women and men,
But I kiss you now as I kissed you once,
  My fond little children then:

And, as my own grandson rides on my knee,
  Or plays with his hoop or kite,
I can well recollect I was merry as he —
  The bright-eyed little wight!

'T is not long since, — it cannot be long, —
  My years so soon were spent,
Since I was a boy, both straight and strong,
  Yet now am I feeble and bent.

A dream, a dream, — it is all a dream!
  A strange, sad dream, good sooth;
For old as I am, and old as I seem,
  My heart is full of youth:

Eye hath not seen, tongue hath not told,
  And ear hath not heard it sung,
How buoyant and bold, though it seem to grow ol
  Is the heart, forever young!

Forever young, — though life's old age
  Hath every nerve unstrung;
The heart, the heart is a heritage,
  That keeps the old man young!

Thousand Lines

SONNET TO "PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY."

My soul's own son, dear image of my mind,
  I would not without blessing send thee forth
Into the bleak wide world, whose voice unkind
  Perchance will mock at thee as nothing worth;
For the cold critic's jealous eye may find
  In all thy purposed good little but ill,
May taunt thy simple garb as quaintly wrought,
  And praise thee for no more than the small skill
Of masquing as thine own another's thought:
  What then? — count envious sneers as less th
    nought:
Fair is thine aim, and having done thy best,
  Lo thus I bless thee; yea, thou shalt be blest!

Geraldine, &c

SORROWS OF CHILDHOOD.

THERE be many that say, We were happiest in days long past,
When our deepest care was an ill-conned book,
And when we sported in that merry sunshine of our life,
Sadness a stranger to the heart, and cheerfulness its gay inhabitant.
True, ye are now less pure, and therefore are more wretched:
But have ye quite forgotten how sorely ye travailed at your tasks,
How childish griefs and disappointments bowed down the childish mind?
How sorrow sat upon your pillow, and terror hath waked thee up betimes,
Dreading the strict hand of justice, that will not wait for a reason,
Or the whims of petty tyrants, children like yourselves,
Or the pestilent extract of evil poured into the ear of innocence?
Behold the coral island, fresh from the floor of the Atlantic,
It is dinted by every ripple, and a soft wave can smooth its surface;
But soon its substance hardeneth in the winds and tropic sun,
And weakly the foaming billows break against its adamantine wall;
Even thus, though sin and care dash upon the firmness of manhood,
The timid child is wasted most by his petty troubles;
And seldom, when life is mature, and the strength proportioned to the burden,
Will the feeling mind, that can remember, acknowledge to deeper anguish,

Than when, as a stranger and a little one, the heart first ached with anxiety,
And the sprouting buds of sensibility were bruised by the harshness of a school.

Prov. Phil. i. *Education.*

SPEECH.

Speech is the golden harvest that followeth the flowering of thought;
Yet oftentimes runneth it to husk, and the grains be withered and scanty.
Speech is reason's brother, and a kingly prerogative of man,
That likeneth him to his Maker, who spake, and it was done.

Prov. Phil. i. *Speaking.*

SUBORDINATION IN THE GODHEAD.

God is the origin of order, and the first exemplar of his precept;
For there is subordination of his Essence, self-guided unto holiness;
And there is subordination of his Persons, in due procession of dignity;
For the Son, as a son, is subject; and to him doth the Spirit minister.

Prov. Phil. i. *Subjection*

SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST.

And He, who seeming old in youth,* was marred for others' sin,
For every special crime must bear its special penalty:
By luxury, or rashness, or vice, the member that hath erred suffereth,
And therefore the Sacrifice for all was pained at every pore.

Prov. Phil. i. *Compensation.*

SUGGESTED BEAUTIES.

Behold those broken arches, that oriel all unglazed,
That crippled line of columns bleaching in the sun,
The delicate shaft stricken midway, and the flying buttress
Idly stretching forth to hold up tufted ivy:
Thinkest thou the thousand eyes that shine with rapture on a ruin,
Would have looked with half their wonder on the perfect pile?
And wherefore not — but that light hints, suggesting unseen beauties,
Fill the complacent gazer with self-grown conceits?
And so, the rapid sketch winneth more praise to the painter,
Than the consummate work elaborated on his easel:
And so, the Helvetic lion caverned in the living rock
Hath more of majesty and force, than if upon a marble pedestal.

Prov. Phil. i. *Indirect Influences.*

* Compare Is. 52: 14 with Jno. 8: 57.

SUGGESTED SLANDER.

HINTS, shrewdly strown, mightily disturb the spirit,
Where a barefaced accusation would be too ridiculous for calumny:

* * * * * *

And friendships, the growth of half a century, those oaks that laugh at storms,
Have been cankered in a night by a worm, even as the prophet's gourd.
Hast thou loved and not known jealousy? for a sideling look
Can please or pain thy heart more than the multitude of proofs.

Ibid.

SUPREMACY OF BEAUTY.

O BEAUTY, thou art eloquent; yea, though slow of tongue,
Thy breast, fair Phryne, pleaded well before the dazzled judge;
O beauty, thou art wise; yea, though teaching falsely,
Sages listen, sweet Corinna, to commend thy lips;
O beauty, though art ruler; yea, though lowly as a slave,
Myrrha, that imperial brow is monarch of thy lord;
O beauty, thou art winner; yet, though halting in the race,
Hippodame, Camilla, Atalanta, — in gracefulness ye fascinate your umpires;
O beauty, thou art rich; yea, though clad in russet,
Attalus cannot boast his gold against the wealth of beauty;
O beauty, thou art noble; yea, though Esther be an exile,
Set her up on high, ye kings, and bow before the majesty of beauty!

Prov. Phil. ii. *Beauty.*

TEACHING OF LOVE.

ILY was a simple child of nature, who had every thing rn; she scarcely knew her Maker's name, till Charles icted her in God's great love: the stars were to her only ng studs of gold, and the world one mighty plain, and and women soulless creatures of a day, and the wisdom ation unconsidered, and the book of natural knowledge sealed up, till Charles set out before his eager student ysteries of earth and heaven. Oh, those blessed hours eet teaching! when he led her quick delighted steps up any avenues of science to the central throne of God! ose happy moments, never to return, when her eyes, in thankfulness for some new truth laid open to them, d upon her youthful Mentor, love and intelligence, and d admiring wonder! Sweet spring-tide of their loves, scarcely knew they loved, yet thought of nothing but other; who walked hand in hand, as brother and sister, flowery ways of mutual blessing, mutual dependence: alas, how brief a space can love, that guest from heaven, on earth unsullied!

Twins.

THE CRISIS.

HUSH — O heaven! a moment more,
A breath, a step, and all is o'er;
Hark — beneath, the waters wild!
Save, O mercy, save my child.

Swiftly from her heaving breast
The mother tore the snowy vest, —

Her little truant saw and smil'd,
Turn'd, — and mercy saved the child,

Thus the face of love can win
Where fear is weak to scare from sin,
Thus, when faith and conscience slept,
Jesus look'd — and Peter wept.

Geraldine, &c.

THE TEMPTATION.

A FEW words more on other details probable to the temptation. Wonderful as it may seem to us with our present experience, in the case of the first woman it would scarcely excite her astonishment to be accosted in human phrase by one of the lower creatures; and in no other way could the tempter reach her mind. Much as Milton puts it, Eve sees a beautiful snake, eating not improbably of the forbidden apple. Attracted by a natural curiosity, she would draw near, and in a soft sweet voice the serpent, i. e. Lucifer in his guise, would whisper temptation. It was likely to have been keenly managed. Is it possible, O fair and favored mistress of this beautiful garden, that your Maker has debarred you from its very choicest fruit? Only see its potencies for good: I, a poor reptile, am instantly thereby endued with knowledge and the privilege of speech. Am I dead for the eating? — ye shall not surely die; but shall become as gods yourselves; and this your Maker knoweth.

* * * * * *

That a depraved knowledge should immediately occasion some sort of clothing to be instituted by the great moral Governor, was likely: and there would be nothing near at

hand, in fact nothing else suitable, but the skins of beasts. There is also a high probability that some sort of slaying should take place instantly on the fall, by way of reference to the coming sacrifice for sin: and for a type of some imputed righteousness. God covered man's evil nakedness with the skins of innocent slain animals: even so, Blessed is he whose unrighteousness is forgiven, and whose sin is covered.

Probabilities.

THINKING ALOUD.

Utter thy thinkings aloud, that they take a shape and being;
For he that pondereth in silence crowdeth the storehouse of his mind,
And though he have heaped great riches, yet is he hindered in the using.

Prov. Phil. i *Speaking.*

THOUGHTS, NOT WORDS, TO BE REMEMBERED.

To feed the mind with fatness, to fill thy granary with corn,
Nor clog with chaff and straw the threshing-floor of reason,
Reap the ideas, and house them well; but leave the words high stubble;
Strive to store up what was thought, despising what was said.

Prov. Phil. i. *Memory.*

TO-DAY.

THE harvest of thy yesterday, the seed-corn of thy morrow.
Prov. Phil. ii. *To-day.*

O BRIGHT presence of To-day, let me wrestle with thee, gracious angel,
I will not let thee go, except thou bless me; bless me, then, To-day:
O sweet garden of To-day, let me gather of thee, precious Eden,
I have stolen bitter knowledge, give me fruits of life To-day:
O true temple of To-day, let me worship in thee, glorious Zion;
I find none other place nor time, than where I am To-day:
O living rescue of To-day, let me run unto thee, ark of refuge;
I see none other hope nor chance, but standeth in To-day:
O rich banquet of To-day, let me feast upon thee, saving manna:
I have none other food nor store, but daily bread To-day!
Ibid.

TOLERANCE.

A WISE man in a crowded street winneth his way with gentleness,
Nor rudely pusheth aside the stranger that standeth in his path;

He knoweth that blind hurry will but hinder, stirring up contention against him,
Yet holdeth he steadily right on, with his face to the scope of his pursuit:
Even so, in the congress of opinions, the bustling highway of intelligence,
Each man should ask of his neighbor, and yield to him again concession.

Prov. Phil. i. *Tolerance.*

WHILES a man liveth he may mend: count not thy brother reprobate;
When he is dead his chance is gone: remember not his faults in bitterness.
A man, till he dieth, is immortal in thy sight; and then he is as nothing;
Make not the living thy foe, nor take weak vengeance of the dead.

Ibid.

A LITTLE explained, a little endured, a little passed over as a foible,
And, lo, the jagged atoms fit like smooth mosaic.
Thou canst not shape another's mind to suit thine own body,
Think not, then, to be furnishing his brain with thy special notions.
Charity walketh with a high step, and stumbleth not at a trifle:

Charity hath keen eyes, but the lashes half conceal them :
Charity is praised of all, and fear not thou that praise,
God will not love thee less because men love thee more.

Ibid.

TO-MORROW.

There is a floating island, forward, on the stream of time,
Buoyant with fermenting air, and borne along the rapids ;
And on that island is a siren, singing sweetly as she goeth,
Her eyes are bright with invitation, and allurement lurketh in her cheeks ;
Many lovers vainly pursuing, follow her beckoning finger,
Many lovers seek her still, even to the cataract of death.
To-morrow is that island.

Prov. Phil. ii. *To-morrow.*

To-morrow is that lamp upon the marsh, which a traveller never reacheth ;
To-morrow, the rainbow's cup, coveted prize of ignorance ;
To-morrow, the shifting anchorage, dangerous trust of mariners ;
To-morrow, the wrecker's beacon, wily snare of the destroyer.
Reconcile conviction with delay, and To-morrow is a fatal lie ;
Frighten resolutions into action, To-morrow is a wholesome truth.

Ibid.

TRIFLES MAKE CHARACTER.

PLANETS govern not the soul, nor guide the destinies of man,
But trifles, lighter than straws, are levers in the building up of character.

Prov. Phil. i. *Indirect Influences.*

TRINITY.

SHALL all things else be in mystery, and God alone be understood?
Shall finite fathom infinity, though it sound not the shallows of creation?
Shall a man comprehend his Maker, being yet a riddle to himself?
Or time teach the lesson that eternity cannot master?
If God be nothing more than one, a child can compass the thought;
But seraphs fail to unravel the wondrous unity of three.

Prov. Phil i. *Trinity.*

TRIUMPHS OF SCIENCE.

STILL Mind is up and stirring, and pryeth in the corners of contrivance,
Often from the dark recesses picking out bright seeds of truth:
Knowledge hath clipped the lightning's wings, and mewed it up for a purpose,
Training to some domestic task the fiery bird of heaven;
Tamed is the spirit of the storm, to slave in all peaceful arts,

To walk with husbandry and science; to stand in the vanguard against death:
And the chemist balanceth his elements with more than magic skill,
Commanding stones that they be bread, and draining sweetness out of wormwood.

Prov. Phil. i. *Hidden Uses.*

TRIUMPH OF VIRTUE.

Never yet was calumny engendered, but good men speedily discerned it,
And innocence hath burst from its injustice, as the green world rolling out of Chaos.

Prov. Phil. ii. *Fame.*

TRUE HUMILITY.

Yea, it is the cringer to his equal, that is chiefly seen bold to his God,
While a martyr, whom a world cannot browbeat, is humble as a child before Him.

Prov. Phil. i. *Humility.*

TRUE AND FALSE CHARITY.

—I saw a beggar in the street, and another beggar pitied him;
Sympathy sank into his soul, and the pitied one felt happier:
Anon passed by a cavalcade, children of wealth and gaiety;

They laughed, and looked upon the beggar, and the gallants flung him gold;
He, poor spirit-humbled wretch, gathered up their givings with a curse,
And went — to share it with his brother, the beggar who had pitied him!

Prov. Phil. ii. *Gifts.*

TRUTH — ERROR.

SPURN not at seeming error, but dig below its surface for the truth;
And beware of seeming truths, that grow on the roots of error:
For comely are the apples that spring from the Dead Sea's cursed shore:
But within are they dust and ashes, and the hand that plucketh them shall rue it.

Prov. Phil. i. *Truth in Things False.*

TRUTH IN ERROR.

O MAN, little hast thou learnt of truth in things most true,
How therefore shall thy blindness wot of truth in things most false?

Ibid.

VERILY, there is nothing so true, that the damps of error have not warped it;
Verily, there is nothing so false, that a sparkle of truth is not in it.

Ibid.

TRUTH OBSCURED BY LEARNING.

Some errors never would have thriven, had it not been for learned refutation.

Prov. Phil. i. *Indirect Influences.*

The tost sand darkeneth the waves; and clear had been the pages of truth,
Had not the glosses of men obscured the simplicity of faith?

Prov. Phil. i. *Tolerance.*

TRUTH VALUED FOR ITSELF.

Commend thy mind unto candor, and grudge not as though thou hadst a teacher,
Nor scorn angelic Truth for the sake of her evil herald;
Heed not him, but hear his words, and care not whence they come;
The viewless winds might whisper them, the billows roar them forth,
The mean unconscious sedge sigh them in the ear of evening,
Or the mind of pride conceive, and the mouth of folly speak them.

Prov. Phil. i. *Prefatory.*

USES OF HUMILITY.

Thou hast gained, in the furnace of affliction, self-knowledge, patience, and humility,
And these be as precious ore, that waiteth the skill of the coiner:

Despise not the blessings of adversity, nor the gain thou hast earned so hardly,
And now thou hast drained the bitter, take heed that thou lose not the sweet.

Prov. Phil. i. *Compensation.*

VIRTUE OF THE SAVAGE UNRECORDED.

Beyond the broad Atlantic, in the regions of the setting sun,
Ask of the plume-crowned Incas, that ruled in old Peru, —
Ask of grand Caziques, and priests of the pyramids of Mexico, —
Ask of a thousand painted tribes, high nobility of Nature,
Who, once, could roam their own Elysian plains, free, generous, and happy,
Who, now, degraded and in exile, having sold their fatherland for nought,
Sink and are extinguished in the western seas, even as the sun they follow, —
Where is the record of their deeds, their prowess worthy of Achilles,
Nestor's wisdom, the chivalry of Manlius, the native eloquence of Cicero,
The skill of Xenophon, the spirit of Alcibiades, the firmness of a Maccabæan mother,
Brotherly love that Antigone might envy, the honor and the fortitude of Regulus?
Alas! their glory and their praise have vanished like a summer cloud:
Alas! that they are dead indeed; they are not written down in the Book of the living.

Prov. Phil. ii. *Authorship.*

WEEPING.

LET nature weep; leave her alone; the freshet of her sorrow
must run off;
And sooner will the lake be clear, relieved of turbid floodings.
Prov. Phil. ii. *Cheerfulness.*

WHY CHRIST REBUKED HIS MOTHER.

THAT our Blessed Master even in his state as man beheld its * evil characteristics looming on the future, seems likely not alone from both his human keenness and his divine Omniscience, but from here and there a hint dropped in his Biography. Why should He, on several occasions, have seemed, I will say with some apparent sharpness, to have rebuked his virgin mother — "Woman, what have I to do with thee?" — "Who are my Mother and my brethren?" — "Yea — more blessed than the womb which bare me and the paps that I have sucked, is the humblest of my true disciples." Let no one misunderstand me: full well I know the just explanations which palliate such passages; and the love stronger than death which beat in that Filial heart. But, take the phrases as they stand; and do they not in reason constitute some warning and some prophecy that men should idolize the mother? Nothing, in fact, was more likely than that a just human reverence to the most favored among women should have increased into her admiring worship: until the humble and holy Mary, with the sword of human anguish at her heart, should become exaggerated and idealized

* Romanism's.

into Mother of God — instead of Jesus's human matrix, Queen of heaven, instead of a ransomed soul herself, the joy of angels — in lieu of their lowly fellow-worshipper, and the rapture of the blessed — thus dethroning the Almighty.

Probabilities, &c.

WISDOM AND FOLLY.

SEAMS of thought for the sage's brow, and laughing lines for the fool's face;
For all things leave their track in the mind; and the glass of the mind is faithful.
Seest thou much mirth upon the cheek? there is then little exercise of virtue;
For he that looketh on the world cannot be glad and good:
Seest thou much gravity in the eye? be not assured of finding wisdom;
For she hath too great praise, not to get many mimics.
There is a grave-faced folly; and verily, a laughter-loving wisdom:
And what, if surface-judges account it vain frivolity?
There is indeed an evil in excess, and a field may lie fallow too long;
Yet merriment is often as a froth, that mantleth on the strong mind.

Prov. Phil. i. *Ridicule.*

WISDOM WITHOUT MEMORY.

MEMORY is not wisdom; idiots can rote volumes:
Yet, what is wisdom without memory? a babe that is strangled in its birth,

The path of the swallow in the air, the path of the dolphin in the waters,
A cask running out, a bottomless chasm: such is wisdom without memory.

Prov. Phil. i. *Memory.*

WORTHLESSNESS OF EASY CONVERTS.

To unsettle a weak mind were an easy inglorious triumph,
And a strong cause taketh little count of the worthless suffrage of a fool:
Lightly he held to the wrong, loosely will he cling to the right;
Weakness is the essence of his mind, and the reed cannot yield an acorn.

Prov. Phil. i. *Tolerance.*

YOUTH.

A YOUTH was walking in the moonlight, walking not alone,
For a fair and gentle maid leant on his trembling arm:
Their whispering was still of beauty, and the light of love was in their eyes,
Their twin young hearts had not a thought unvowed to love and beauty:
The stars, and the sleeping world, and the guardian eye of God,
The murmur of the distant waterfall, and nightingales warbling in the thicket,
Sweet speech of years to come, and promises of fondest hope
And more, a present gladness in each other's trust;
All these fed their souls with the hidden manna of affectio

While their faces shone beautified in the radiance of reflected Eden:
I gazed on that fond youth, and coveted his heart,
Attuned to holiest symphonies, with music in its strings;
For I said, Surely, O Life, thy name is love and beauty.
Thy joys are full, thy looks most fair, thy feelings pure and sensitive.

Prov. Phil. ii. *Life.*

YOUTHFUL LOVE OF BEAUTY.

Those yearnings after beauty, in wayward wanton youth,
When guileless of ulterior end, it craveth but to look upon the lovely,
Seem like struggles of the soul, dimly remembering pre-existence,
And feeling in its blindness for a long-lost God, to satisfy its longing;
As if the sucking babe, tenderly mindful of his mother,
Should pull a dragon's dugs and drain the teats of poison.

Prov. Phil. ii. *Beauty.*

ZEAL WITHOUT DISCRETION.

He smiteth an oppressor; and vengeance for that smiting
Is dealt in double stripes on the faint body of the victim:
He is glad to give and to distribute; and clamorous pauperism feasteth,
While honest labor, pining, hideth his sharp ribs:
He challengeth to a fair field that subtle giant Infidelity,

And worsted in the unequal fight, strengtheneth the hands
of error:
He hasteth to teach and preach, as the war-horse rusheth to
the battle,
And to pave a way for truth, would break up the Appennines
of prejudice:
He wearieth by stale proofs, where none looked for a reason,
And to the listening ear will urge the false argument of feeling.
So hath it often been, that, judging by results,
The hottest friends of truth have done her deadliest wrong.
Alas! for there are enemies without, glad enough to parley
with a traitor,
And a zealot will let down the drawbridge, to prove his own
prowess:
Yea, from within will he break away a breach in the citadel
of truth,
That he may fill the gap, for fame, with his own weak body.

Prov. Phil. i. *Discretion.*

ADDITIONAL EXTRACTS.*

MY CHILDREN.

My little ones, my darling ones, my precious things of earth,
How gladly do I triumph in the blessing of your birth!
How heartily for praises, and how earnestly for prayers,
I yearn upon your loveliness, my dear, delightful cares!

O children,—happy word of peace,—my jewels and my gold,
My truest friends till now, and still my truest friends when old,
I will be every thing to you, your playmate and your guide,
Both Mentor and Telemachus, forever at your side!

I will be every thing to you, your sympathizing friend,
To teach, and help, and lead, and bless, and comfort, and defend;
O, come to me, and tell me all, and ye shall find me true,
A brother in adversity to fight it out for you!

Yea, sins or follies, griefs or cares, or young affection's thrall,
Fear not, for I am one with you, and I have felt them all;
I will be tender, just, and kind, unwilling to reprove;
I will do all to bless you, all by wisdom and by love.

* Since the foregoing sheets were in type, another work ("Hactenus: more drippings from the pen that wrote Proverbial Philosophy, Thousand Lines, &c.") by Mr. Tupper has appeared, from which we make these additional extracts.

My little ones, delighted I review you as ye stand,
A pretty troop of fairies and young cherubs hand in hand,
And tell out all your names to be a dear, familiar sound,
Wherever English hearths and hearts about the world abound.

My eldest, of the speaking eyes, my Ellin, nine years old,
Thou thoughtful, good example of the loving little fold,
My Ellin, they shall hear of thee, fair spirit, holy child,
The truthful and the well-resolved, the liberal and the mild.

And thee, my Mary, what of thee? — the beauty of thy face?
The coyly-pretty whims and ways that ray thee round with grace?
— O, more than these; a dear, warm heart, that still must thrill and glow
With pure affection's sunshine, and with feeling's overflow!

Thou too, my gentle five-year old, fair Margaret the pearl,
A quiet, sick, and suffering child, sweet, patient little girl, —
Yet gay withal and frolicsome at times wilt thou appear,
And like a bell thy merry voice rings musical and clear.

And next my Selwyn, precious boy, a glorious young mind,
The sensitive, the passionate, the noble, and the kind,
Whose light-brown locks bedropped with gold, and large eyes full of love,
And generous nature, mingle well the lion and the dove.

The last, an infant, toothless one, now prattling on my knee,
Whose bland, benevolent, soft face is shining upon me;
Another silver star upon our calm domestic sky,
Another seed of happy hope, dropped kindly from on high.

A happy man, — be this my praise, — not riches, rank, or fame, —
A happy man, with means enough, — no other lot or name;
A happy man with you for friends, my children and my wife, —
Ambition is o'ervaulted here in all that gladdens life!

ALL 'S FOR THE BEST.

TO THE SAME MUSIC AS "NEVER GIVE UP."

ALL 'S for the best; be sanguine and cheerful;
Trouble and sorrow are friends in disguise;
Nothing but Folly goes faithless and fearful;
Courage forever is happy and wise:
All for the best, — if a man would but know it;
Providence wishes us all to be blest;
This is no dream of the pundit or poet;
Heaven is gracious, and — All 's for the best!

All for the best! set this on your standard,
Soldier of sadness, or pilgrim of love,
Who to shores of Despair may have wandered,
A way-wearied swallow, or heart-stricken dove:
All for the best! — be a man, but confiding,
Providence tenderly governs the rest,
And the frail bark of His creature is guiding,
Wisely and warily, all for the best.

All for the best! then fling away terrors,
Meet all your fears and your foes in the van,

And in the midst of your dangers or errors
  Trust like a child, while you strive like a man:
All 's for the best! — unbiassed, unbounded,
  Providence reigns from the East to the West;
And by both wisdom and mercy surrounded,
  Hope and be happy that All 's for the best.

PEACE AND QUIETNESS.

Peace is the precious atmosphere I breathe;
  And my calm mind goes to her dewy bower,
A trellis rare of fragrant thoughts to wreathe,
  Mingling the scents and tints of every flower:
For pity, vex her not; those inner joys
  That bless her in this consecrated hour,
Start and away, like plovers, at a noise,
Sensitive, timorous: — O, do not scare
  My happy fancies, lest the flock take wing,
Fly to the wilderness and perish there!
  For I have secret luxuries, that bring
Gladness and brightness to mine eyes and heart,
  Memory, and Hope, and keen Imagining,
Sweet thoughts and peaceful, never to depart.

Then give me Silence; for my spirit is rare,
  Of delicate edge, and tender, when I think
I rear aloft a mental fabric fair;
But soon as words come hurtling on the air,
  Down to this dust my ruined fancies sink:
  Look you! on yonder Alp's precipitous brink

An avalanche is tottering; — one breath
  Loosens an icy chain; — it falls, — it falls,
Filling the buried glens and glades with death!
  Or as, when on the mountain's granite walls
  The hunter spies a chamois, — hush! be calm.
A word will scare it, — even so, my Mind,
  Creative, energizing, seeks the balm
Of Quiet, Solitude, and Peace combined.

THE EARLY GALLOP.

WRITTEN IN THE SADDLE, ON THE CROWN OF MY HAT.

At five on a dewy morning,
  Before the blazing day,
To be up and off on a high-mettled horse
  Over the hills away, —
To drink the rich, sweet breath of the gorse,
  And bathe in the breeze of the Downs,
Ha! man, if you can, match bliss like this
  In all the joys of towns!

With glad and grateful tongue to join
  The lark at his matin hymn,
And thence on faith's own wing to spring
  And sing with Cherubim!
To pray from a deep and tender heart,
  With all things praying anew,
The birds and the bees, and the whispering trees,
  And heather bedropped with dew, —
To be one with those early worshippers,
  And pour the pæan too!

Then, off again with a slackened rein,
  And a bounding heart within,
To dash at a gallop over the plain,
  Health's golden cup to win!
This, this is the race for gain and grace,
  Richer than vases and crowns;
And you that boast your pleasures the most
  Amid the steam of towns,
Come, taste true bliss in a morning like this,
  Galloping over the Downs!

WISDOM.

It is the way we go, the way of life;
  A drop of pleasure in a sea of pain,
A grain of peace amid a load of strife,
  With toil and grief, and grief and toil again:
Yea:—but for this; the firm and faithful breast,
  Bolder than lions, confident and strong,
That never doubts its birthright to be blest,
  And dreads no evil while it does no wrong:
This, this is wisdom, manful and serene;
  Towards God all penitence, and prayer, and trust;
But to the troubles of this shifting scene
  Simply courageous and sublimely just;
Be then such wisdom thine, my heart within,—
There is no foe, nor woe, nor grief, but—Sin.

[redacted]

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